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The Shape of Things

IF THE INTENTION OF THE SENSATIONAL *Pravda* report was to test popular feeling in the Allied countries toward a separate peace, the Russians have their answer. The genuinely outraged tone of the English and American press and the tenor of comment, official and unofficial, should suggest to the men in the Kremlin that their suspicions are fantastic. They have been notified, in effect, that Winston Churchill, hero though he is, would be swept out of power in a day if he were to attempt on the eve of victory what Chamberlain did not dare to do on the brink of defeat. This notification—to Germany as well as to Russia—is a net gain no matter what motive inspired the *Pravda* story. As for the motive itself, we would welcome an end to speculation, and we prefer to do no guessing of our own. We can take with a bag of salt the official Russian protestation that the government had no prior knowledge of the *Pravda* report and nevertheless accept this explanation as a tacit admission that the Soviet government would like now to minimize the whole affair. It was a foolish and disruptive move, but if the Russians really want to bury the incident, their allies should do nothing to postpone the interment.

*

THE POSSIBILITY OF FAVORABLE ACTION IN Congress on the President's five-point program is, if anything, weaker than it was at the time his message was delivered. The Administration seems to be in process of winning some concessions on the renegotiation bill. The Senate Finance Committee has eliminated two of the provisions to which the President took exception—that exempting all standard commercial articles from renegotiation and that allowing court review of all contracts renegotiated. It remains to be seen what will happen on the Senate floor and in conference committee. On cost-of-living subsidies, the Administration has suffered a severe defeat in the ten-to-nine vote by which the Senate Finance Committee favorably reported the Bankhead bill after rejecting subsidy measures by Maloney and Taft. Maloney's bill would have allowed the expenditure of $1,500,000,000 on cost-of-living subsidies. After its rejection, Taft offered a compromise which would have made available $1,000,000,000 for food subsidies. The Bankhead bill is not an anti-subsidy measure. It would

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forbid subsidies to help hold down the cost of living but would continue special-interest subsidies to keep up the profits of the sugar growers and the producers of vegetable-oil seeds and fats. Prospects for a decent tax program are also black.

✶

THE U. S. S. R. AND POLAND HAVE A JOINT interest in checking once and for all Germany's aggressive urge to expand eastward. Both countries need a prolonged period of peace to recover from their wounds and to carry out the colossal tasks of reconstruction. They have, therefore, as Louis Witold points out on page 125, a common interest in reaching a permanent settlement of their historic dispute. But such a settlement must be one that the public opinion of the world will ratify. It cannot be an imposed settlement, for the mortar of force is the least durable of cements. In the light of such considerations we are bound to deplore the recent tactics of the Soviet government. The power and prestige of the Russian state are now unassailable; the validity of its claims to a large part of the disputed territory cannot be denied; its disgust with the conduct of the Polish government in exile, and the shadow Cabinet of militarists which largely controls that regime, is understandable. Nevertheless, we believe that Moscow has weakened a strong case by its attempts to dictate a solution. Surely, it would have buttressed its position if in reply to the latest Polish declaration it had stated that, since it had not been able to reestablish diplomatic relations with the Polish government, it was willing to accept Anglo-American mediation on the border question, provided that the Curzon Line was agreed upon as the basis of negotiation. But instead of forcing the Poles off the fence it indulged in rhetorical denunciations of their bad faith and rejected by implication the proffered good offices of the Western powers. Thus it increased the suspicion that it intends to settle the Polish question by installing a government of its own choice. We should be sorry to see the Soviets imitating our own North African experiments in puppetry.

✶

IN NORTH AFRICA THE BEST-LAID PLANS OF mice and diplomats appear to be suffering their proverbial fate. For more than three years American and British statesmen plotted the political elimination of General De Gaulle, resorting to every trick in the diplomatic code to discredit him, and a few tricks outside the code. Yet never have the General's prospects looked as bright as they do at this moment. So cordial was his conference with Churchill at Marrakesh last week that Algiers is rife with reports that the British are prepared to extend a greater degree of recognition to the Committee of National Liberation. The return to Washington of Edwin C. Wilson, American diplomatic representative to the Committee, is interpreted as a preliminary move to obtain American agreement. Two factors stand out in the sudden reversal of policy. First, information from France has convinced the Allied leaders that no alternative group within the country has the prestige to govern even provisionally, once the armies of liberation march in; and, second, if an attempt is made to foist any other administration upon the French people, in the name of expediency, civil war is inevitable, with at least local Communist successes practically assured. This last possibility may go far, incidentally, to explain the coolness that has arisen between the Communists and the Committee in Algiers. Churchill is said to have remarked jokingly to De Gaulle at Marrakesh: "I see you have now become a parliamentarian." The change may lie with De Gaulle—or then again it may be that Churchill's vision has grown more acute. The point can be left to historians as long as the breach is healed, but this calls for a change of heart in Washington as well as in London.

✶

ON APRIL 1 NEXT, BARRING SOME ACTION by the British government, Palestine will become forbidden territory for thousands of Jews. Under the terms of the White Paper of 1939, the transitional five-year period during which 75,000 immigrants were to be admitted will then expire, and the Arab community will thenceforth be able to exercise a veto power on the entry of further Jewish settlers. The fact that some 30,000 of the 75,000 permits are still to be issued affords a hope of temporary relief but it does not affect the vicious principle formulated by the White Paper. That principle is in total opposition to those of the League of Nations Mandate under which Britain governs Palestine and it is condemned by all sections of Jewry, Zionist and non-Zionist alike. The latest proof of this fact is offered by the memorandum presented last week to Lord Halifax, the British Ambassador in Washington, by the American Jewish Committee. This organization is not, as its statement made clear, an advocate of a Jewish state. But it insists that Palestine must be kept open as a haven for the Jews and that the sole criterion for Jewish immigration must be the principle laid down by the Mandate —the economic absorptive capacity of the country. The American Jewish Committee has also reminded the British government that Article 15 of the Mandate prohibits discrimination of any kind between the inhabitants of Palestine, while under the White Paper discrimination is being practiced against Jews in the matter of land purchase as well as immigration. Prime Minister Churchill knows that the White Paper was a breach of faith; his strong condemnation of it is a matter of record. But while he allows a clique of reactionary colonial officials to decide the policy of his government he cannot escape responsibility.

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IN "THE CASE OF THE HOPKINS LETTER" A big-name cast is being shamefully wasted on a distinctly Class B mystery. The heavy-handed plot revolves about a letter from Harry Hopkins to Dr. Umphrey Lee, president of Southern Methodist University and supposedly an aspirant to Tom Connally's seat in the Senate. The letter, which falls into the hands of C. Nelson Sparks, a McCormick Republican and sworn enemy of Mr. Willkie, informs Lee that Willkie is to be the 1944 Republican choice and promises Lee "good cooperation from that quarter." Sparks and Senator Langer read in this message a conspiracy to rig the next election so that both parties will present "internationalist" candidates, and incidentally to send Texas Republicans into the Democratic primary in order to purge Connally. Langer harangues the Senate on this diabolical plot, which he interprets more fundamentally as a British attempt to reverse the outcome of the Revolutionary War. In the meantime Hopkins, with the aid of the Department of Justice, has exposed the letter as a forgery, and the Sparks-Langer crowd, in an uncomfortable position, try to pin the crime on Harold Ickes, who, Sparks reveals, harbors a burning grudge against his New Deal colleague, Mr. Hopkins. The plot grows sicker as Sparks produces letters addressed to him by George N. Briggs, one of Ickes's aides, who, it turns out, worked with Sparks in 1940 in behalf of the ultra-reactionary Frank Gannett. We won't tell you how the mystery ends, first, because we don't know yet, and, secondly, because the story is going down hill pretty fast. The solution now seems to revolve about the genuineness of certain letters alleged to have been addressed to Sparks by Briggs in which the writer remarks, "The forty bucks reached me. . . . I am within a hundred bucks of my goal now." Which, in terms of melodrama, is a far cry from a conspiracy by George VI to snatch back the Thirteen Colonies.

*

CARLO TRESCA, TO HIS HONOR, WAS A political character. His assassination a year ago on January 11 was undoubtedly a political crime. And there is no question in our minds that the failure of the authorities to hunt down his assassin with the vigor and determination that they would devote, say, to finding the murderer of an Italian-American gangster has political significance. Carlo's overt enemies were fascists and neo-fascists, local, national, and foreign, who are still the objects of appeasement at home and abroad. We have no proof, of course, that this is the reason why his assassin has not been caught. But when an anti-fascist can be killed with impunity in the middle of New York City, we have a right to be suspicious, and the burden of proof rests not on us but on the officials charged with administering the American justice that Carlo Tresca fought so hard to make real.

Bankers and Smugglers

ATTORNEY GENERAL FRANCIS BIDDLE is to be commended on his courage in obtaining the indictment of the Chase National Bank and a prominent Belgian-Dutch diamond merchant. They are accused of participating in transactions which made it possible to smuggle industrial diamonds from Brazil and Venezuela to Japan, Italy, and Germany before Pearl Harbor. Transactions of this kind were violations of the Trading-with-the-Enemy Act. Industrial diamonds are a strategic material of the greatest importance in war. Their exceptional and unequaled durability and cutting power make them ideal for the tips and surfaces of cutting tools and dies. Their use for this purpose serves immensely to speed operations in the manufacture of many weapons and other materials of war. The export of industrial diamonds without a license was forbidden by Presidential order under the Trading-with-the-Enemy Act in July, 1940. The funds used in the transactions which figure in these indictments had been frozen by Presidential order in May of 1940. In the light of these facts, the statement offered by Winthrop W. Aldrich in defense of the Chase Bank is hardly to the point. He said the transactions occurred before Pearl Harbor. This is merely to paraphrase the indictment, not to rebut it.

One aspect of these indictments has hardly been touched upon in the press. This diamond smuggling soon became known to every agency in Washington dealing with Latin American matters, though there seems to have been insufficient evidence for legal action. One of the agencies which were apprised of the facts was the Coordinator's Office for Inter-American Affairs. The head of this was and is Nelson Rockefeller, son of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the dominant figure in the Chase Bank. Nelson is also the nephew of Winthrop W. Aldrich, chairman of the Chase board. Nelson's principal adviser in the Coordinator's Office was Joseph T. Rovensky, who has just resigned to resume his duties as a vice-president of the Chase National Bank. What we cannot understand is why these men were not asked to use their influence with the Chase Bank, either to answer the reports being made by intelligence agencies or to end the financial transactions which made the diamond smuggling possible.

This is the second such case brought to light. The other was that of the Lati Air Line, last Axis link with the New World before Pearl Harbor, a carrier to the Americas of spies, propaganda, and valuables stolen by the Nazis in their conquest of the Low Countries. The operations of this line were possible only because a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey continued to supply it with aviation gas in Brazil. Repeated requests from the State Department that sale of aviation gas to

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the Lati Air Line be discontinued were of no avail. Here again one wonders why Nelson Rockefeller could not have been requested to use his influence with his father, the dominant figure in Standard of New Jersey, to end this form of aid to the Axis. Similar questions were asked about Rovensky after the Catavi massacre in Bolivia, for Rovensky was a director of the Patino enterprises and is very close to the Bolivian tin magnate.

The jesuitical reply commonly given in "off-the-record" discussions with such people is that as government officials they must divorce themselves from their private interests. But anyone who knows Washington knows how profitably public office and private interest are mingled in the case of many dollar-a-year and other war-time officials. We make no such accusation against Rockefeller and Rovensky. We ask only that occasionally private influence be used for the government rather than against it. We find hard to stomach, and we should think Nelson Rockefeller would, too, a situation in which the left hand of the Rockefeller family is engaged in helping to fight the Axis while its right hand is accused of helping the Axis. The final piquant touch of the Chase Bank diamond story is that the bank has asked for a postponement of trial because its key witness, a vice-president, is in Spain doing preclusive buying for the Foreign Economic Administration, a post to which he was assigned under the old Board of Economic Warfare. This vice-president was in charge of the exchange transactions of which the government complains.

Franco in Modern Dress

IN RECENT weeks, unfortunately, we have seen too much uncoordinated thinking among the United Nations for anyone to be surprised by the contradictions and absurdities of which they have been guilty in regard to Spain. In one issue of the New York *Times* (January 20) we read a statement, on the first page, by British Foreign Secretary Eden, protesting the unneutral assistance still being rendered by Franco to Hitler in his war against Russia; and on an inside page, eulogies by Harold Denny of the triumphs recently achieved by the Allies in Madrid.

The American reader must make his choice. He can base his conclusions upon the categorical statement of the Soviet Embassy on which we commented last week, and on the energetic warning of the British Foreign Secretary. Or he can take Mr. Denny as his guide. For our part, we do not accept Mr. Denny. On the contrary, we believe that his series of articles could well compete with the declarations of Archbishop Spellman as the grossest misinformation published since the end of the Spanish War.

The *Times* correspondent supports the view that a subtle and inspired diplomacy has won Franco over to the United Nations with four, for him decisive, pieces of evidence: (1) General Franco's speech on the day of the Epiphany (January 6), praising the Yugoslav guerrillas and hinting that should Hitler try to halt Spain's evolution toward liberalism, Franco would become a second Tito. (2) A new influx of German agents into Spain to save a situation which has turned against the Axis. (3) The increasing power of Foreign Minister Jordana, whom certain Allied circles might use as a Spanish Badoglio should the hopes placed in a liberal Franco prove exaggerated. (4) The progress of Allied propaganda as against the bankruptcy of German propaganda, whose chief in Madrid, Lazar, has been shoved into a corner.

Every one of these great discoveries amounts to exactly zero. The only real discovery was made several weeks ago: that Franco, encouraged by the Allies' confidence in his final conversion, has decided to play the pro-Allied liberal while praying in his heart for a contrary turn in the war. Mr. Denny's attempts to prove that this shift is the result not of military developments but of the far-sighted policy of appeasement applied by the long-suffering State Department and the British Foreign Office is ridiculous, though it is not unprecedented. Happily, there is little danger that the imminent invasion from the west will suffer a disastrous set-back. But should that eventuality arise, Franco's reactions will be interesting to watch.

The speech of the Epiphany is full of "liberal" phrases, but more convincing would be the withdrawal of the Spanish legionnaires who, according to the Soviet Embassy communiqué, are still fighting on one of the sectors of the Volkhov front.

General Jordana may seem strong and promising to those who are counting on him to bring Don Juan to the Spanish throne and to create a moderate regime in Spain after the war. In reality, every elder officer of the Spanish army can inform Mr. Denny that Jordana is considered one of the weakest of the generals who surround the Dictator.

In Madrid, the Chief of German propaganda, Lazar, may have been advised to keep in the shadows for a while, but Spanish broadcasts to Latin America still show his inimitable style.

No one denies that the prospect of a Hitler defeat has obliged Franco to try to improve his position with the United Nations and, without too greatly annoying the Germans who still infest Spain, to prepare for a quick last-moment leap onto the Allied caboose. He must adopt the guise of a liberal in order to win the confidence of Western diplomats and people like Mr. Denny. But did the distinguished *Times* correspondent expect Franco to welcome him wearing the Iron Cross, and with "Mein Kampf" open on his desk?

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Fotich Should Resign

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE long narrative in the Political War section this week is described by its author as "the story of a government that has been overthrown but pretends not to know it." But Mr. Raditsa's account of his progressive disillusionment as press chief in the Yugoslav Information Service is also the story of a man with a political conscience. In days like these, when the very outcome of the war depends upon the willingness of government officials to make clear-cut decisions, such a story is encouraging. Neither in high nor in low places have we been favored with enough examples of this particular kind of integrity.

The policy of the world is being made in large part by little men or scared men or confused men or by subtly dishonest men serving other interests than those for which they are supposed to fight. We have seen their maneuvers in our own government. This country's conduct of the political war against the Axis offers painful examples of the infinite capacity of officials to prefer immediate advantage—or what looks like it—to great objectives. Yugoslavia itself is an excellent illustration of the timidity and conservatism which have combined to make the political strategy of the western Allies the stumbling, uncoordinated thing it is today. For Yugoslavia has conclusively demonstrated the futility of depending upon political elements which represent the interests, national and social, of a limited ruling class.

One cannot help feeling some sympathy for Mihailovich and the government of King Peter. Never did any regime fit more neatly into the concept of legitimism, conservatism, and nationalism encouraged by the highest authorities in Whitehall and the State Department. The only earthly trouble with them was that they couldn't deliver effective blows against the Axis. It was the brutal logic of events, not any interest in a "popular" uprising or a democratic government in Yugoslavia, that forced the Western powers to switch their affections from the Royal Government in Exile to Tito's forces. The Mihailovich guerrillas were not fighting the Germans; the Partisans were. Russian support had gone to Tito from the time his battalions were formed, partly, one must assume, because he was a Communist and favored a close relationship with the Soviet Union. But Stalin's readiness to back any elements that offer real resistance to Hitler is well known; if the army of Mihailovich had been useful, it would have been used.

But the British and Americans were slow to see that only a movement from which the ordinary people could hope for a better future offered a basis for genuine resistance. Why should they see it in Yugoslavia when the fact had escaped them everywhere else? They stuck to the Mihailovich-Peter regime until Partisan successes and the imminence of an Allied invasion of the Balkans thrust upon them the necessity of supporting Tito. But while one must sympathize with the old-style Yugoslav diplomats who today feel shocked by the defection of their allies, one cannot allow one's sympathies to obscure the fact that the Royal Yugoslav Government in Exile is today only a shell. Its heart, if it had one, is dead. Its functions have moved to Yugoslavia. Its ministers of state and lesser officials are ghosts.

The facts revealed by Raditsa in this issue should cause Ambassador Fotich to resign. He doubtless will not resign because very few officials voluntarily give up power and position. But his job is ended and he can only go through the motions of representing his country in Washington. The initiative in ending this pretense must come from the United States and Britain. Both governments must withdraw recognition from King Peter's regime and establish relations with the provisional government set up at Jajce. And even before a formal break occurs, the Treasury must take steps to guard the gold reserve of Yugoslavia deposited in the United States. This reserve is held in custody on behalf of the Yugoslav people under war-time freezing orders. Every draft upon it has to be authorized by our government. Naturally, as long as the Yugoslav government-in-exile was in the same position as the Norwegian or Dutch governments, as long as it could be reasonably regarded as the accredited representative of the Yugoslav people, its drafts upon the reserve were authorized without question. While legally it can claim the same status now, it can no longer claim it in fact. The new provisional government, functioning on Yugoslav soil, is a challenge to its pretensions. The legality of further heavy expenditures out of the funds held in trust by the United States for the people of Yugoslavia will eventually, without any doubt, be questioned by the new government. Until the political situation is cleared, the Treasury should scrutinize with particular care the financial operations of the Yugoslav authorities in Washington.

We are very pleased to have the opportunity of publishing Mr. Raditsa's illuminating document. He has not only given up his position, but has risked his career, to tell the truth about the government he served. If more of the key men among Yugoslavia's ruling group cared as he does for the honor of their country and for its future as a democratic, unified state, the bitter internal struggle that today divides it might never have taken place. And if, in our ruling group, more people recognized the strategic necessity of working with the democratic elements in every occupied country, the diplomatic decision now facing the State Department would have been made long ago. Mr. Raditsa's story is a lesson in the elements of political warfare.

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The Plot Against Yugoslavia

BY BOGDAN RADITSA

[*This story, part of a much longer account of Mr. Raditsa's experiences, was organized and prepared for publication by Robert Bendiner.*]

THIS is the story of a government that has been overthrown but pretends not to know it, a government without a country. Only incidentally is it the story of my modest connection with that regime, a connection which was important chiefly because it enabled me to observe at first hand the workings of the Royal Yugoslav government.

On the shameful day of March 25, 1941, I was in Washington as chief of the press service of the Yugoslav legation—now an embassy—a post I had assumed in 1940. When news reached us that the Belgrade government had signed the infamous Tripartite Pact with Germany and Italy, most of us in Washington were ready to resign in a body. But two days later, before we had had time to get our bearings, the collaborationist government of Premier Cvetkovich was overthrown, and within ten days Nazi bombers were raining devastation on Yugoslav cities. A blow had been struck which, as time would show, was destined to remake completely the nation of the Southern Slavs.

The attempt of the Cvetkovich government to drag Yugoslavia into the New Order, shocking as it was, had not been unexpected. Events were moving rapidly in that direction in the spring of 1940. I had just been appointed foreign press chief in Belgrade and was about to take over my duties at the time of the French collapse. Before I could do so I was given to understand that my appointment had been protested by Foreign Ministers Ribbentrop and Ciano because of anti-fascist sentiments I had expressed at Geneva. Ciano even threatened to withdraw Italian newspapermen from Belgrade if I was not removed. In an audience with Prince Paul I was asked by the Regent not to press the matter, and my assignment to Washington was suggested. In this repudiation of his own appointment under pressure from the Axis I saw the first of a series of larger and larger concessions, which were in the end to bring the Regent to complete capitulation. It was dark in Prince Paul's study when I left him late in the afternoon, and I came away with the gloomy conviction that the man had lost not only what courage he had possessed but the will to resist. Yugoslavia, he clearly felt, could consider itself fortunate not to be drawn into the war even if peace were purchased at the price of slavery to Germany.

At the same time I knew that the Regent's defeatism was not shared by the average Yugoslav. There was a widespread conviction among the people that because the Soviet Union was not yet involved, the war somehow had not really got under way. Only a small minority, including the rulers of the country, felt that Germany's victory was assured and were prepared to accept Hitler's rule over the whole of Europe. I was convinced of this gulf that separated the government from the country, and so was my wife, who upon our arrival in the United States on October 23, 1940, said to reporters: "If Germany tries to make a protectorate out of Yugoslavia, then Yugoslavia will fight, because we know what German protection really means."

This statement, far from eliciting enthusiastic support from our legation in Washington, brought me for the first time into conflict with Minister, now Ambassador, Constantin Fotich. No sooner had we reached our hotel in New York than the telephone rang and a glacial voice from Washington ordered us to give out no more public statements on Yugoslavia that might embarrass the government in its dealings with the Axis.

"A TIME OF SEPARATION"

When I arrived in Washington I reported at once to Fotich. I told him how tense the situation appeared to be in the country and predicted that a showdown with the Axis would come in the spring of 1941. I even took the liberty of adding my impression that Foreign Minister Cincar-Markovich would eventually be used as a tool in the hands of the Germans, that Prince Paul was losing his grip on the situation, and that our hope lay in the people, in whom we should have complete faith.

None of these sentiments proved in the least palatable to the Minister, and I should have known as much. I had first come in contact with Mr. Fotich in Geneva, where the phrase most frequently applied to him was *fin, faux, et fourbe.* Belonging to the *charchija,* Serbia's small ruling oligarchy, he had little sympathy with the Serb-Croat agreement of 1939, which for the first time granted the Croats a real measure of autonomy. He had even less consciousness of the widening gulf between the tiny ruling group and the mass of the Yugoslav people, or of the deep resentment that existed in the country toward the government itself, particularly the Foreign Office, which was widely regarded as a sort of fifth column within the administration.

The surrender to the Axis—which was precisely what the Tripartite Pact signed at Vienna amounted to—should have served to embarrass Serb chauvinism, since

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the government that signed the agreement was clearly dominated by Serbs—Prince Paul, Foreign Minister Cincar-Markovich, and Prime Minister Cvetkovich. In taking the fatal step this trio had the advice and support of the army command, and it is worth noting that of the roughly three hundred generals in the Yugoslav army fewer than ten were Croats. From the immediate political consequences of their act the Serb chauvinists were saved by the overthrow of the regime, which occurred two days later.

The government of General Simovich, set up on March 27 to repudiate the linking of Yugoslavia to the Axis, was closer to a popular regime than the country had ever enjoyed. It constituted a genuine national coalition representing all parties, and although it included members whose extremely reactionary records exposed them to popular distrust, it was nevertheless a remarkable effort in the direction of Yugoslav unity.

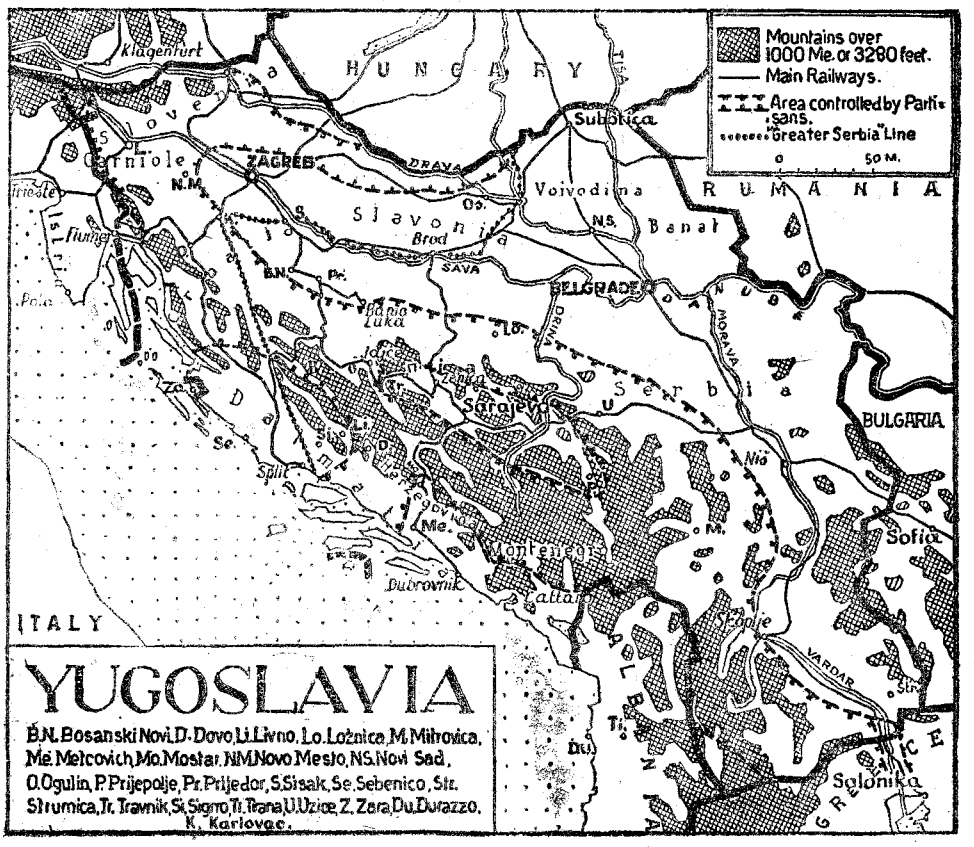
Unfortunately the diehard Serb chauvinists, particularly those who operated in Washington, did not view matters in this light. From the day the new government took power, the atmosphere in the legation grew steadily more strained. Some of us hoped that the country's imminent involvement in the war would at last compel the unity so desperately needed. But the reverse proved true. The Minister and all the Serbian employees not only became markedly reserved toward their Croat colleagues but displayed undisguised coolness toward the whole conception of a Yugoslav nation.

Now that the "revolution" had occurred, they seemed to be taking all the credit for it, while at the same time ignoring the role of those Serb leaders who had promulgated the very pact which provoked the overthrow. So high did the tide of Serbian chauvinism rise in the legation that on the very eve of the German assault an official, in the presence of the Minister, bluntly told me: "After all, this is a time of separation. We Serbs can no longer accept Croatian autonomy and decentralization. The Croats have never been independent; they have never had a state, a history, or an individual national life. All Croatian history is an illusion. We do not want a division of power or collaboration. From now on we Serbs will conduct our own state affairs, and we will permit nobody else to mix in or hold responsible positions." As well as I knew Fotich, I could not understand his choosing this moment, when more than ever in our history we needed unity, to have me informed that separation or Serb domination were the alternatives.

I was soon to learn what Fotich had in mind and to understand that his aide was speaking not for himself alone but for the dominant clique within the government which was soon to go into exile. The Serb chauvinists had a threefold objective. First, they had to clear themselves of responsibility for the military disaster which in twelve days engulfed the country. Second, they sought to realize their dream of scrapping the whole concept of Yugoslavia in favor of a Greater Serbia, from which Croatia and Slovenia would be excluded or in which they would be subordinated. Third, they aimed to keep tight control over the popular forces which would inevitably emerge in the struggle against the invader, and which if unchecked would seriously threaten the corrupt economy that spelled social supremacy for a handful of Serbian families. In all the maneuverings of the Yugoslav government in exile, and especially in those of its Washington representative, this three-point program is plainly discernible. I had a unique opportunity to watch it in operation.

"BLAME THE CROATS"

From the devastation and horror that the Nazis brought to Yugoslavia there rose the inevitable puppet states and Quislings. Division was naturally a German policy, just as it was unnaturally a policy of the Greater Serbians. The country was dismembered, in theory at least, and among its seven Axis-organized remnants the most



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important were a puppet Croatia under Ante Pavelich and a puppet Serbia under the nominal rule of General Milan Nedich. It would have been an obvious act of statesmanship on the part of all anti-Axis Yugoslavs to condemn the traitors in both camps and to forge a unity of all nationals for the purpose of repelling the invader. This task was ultimately to be fulfilled by the Partisans, but until their emergence the Serbs—at least some of the leaders in exile—seemed bent on outdoing even the Germans in their effort to widen the gap between themselves and the Croats.

In the first place, certain high Serb officials, while rightly excoriating the criminal Pavelich and his fascist Ustachi movement, were loath to condemn their own General Nedich. In their eyes he could not be a traitor because he was a Serb. The government in exile itself had unearthed a revealing memorandum which Nedich had submitted to Prince Paul before his dismissal as Minister of War on November 1, 1940. The memorandum proposed that the Yugoslavs occupy Salonika jointly with the Germans at the moment when the Greeks were engaged in a desperate struggle with the Italians. Under this great Serb patriot a large section of the Chetniks, famous Serbian guerrilla fighters, were placed at the disposal of the enemy. They were installed in the same Belgrade building that houses the Gestapo. From these joint headquarters, once the Yugoslav Ministry of Justice, the Chetnik flag today floats side by side with the swastika. Nevertheless, two weeks after the German invasion, when Nedich's treason was out in the open, the Yugoslav Minister in Washington felt called upon to write to the New York *Times* in defense of the Nazi puppet, who happens to be Fotich's cousin. "The Minister of War, General Nedich," he said, "was a true exponent of the national spirit and tradition."

From this moment on, my work at the legation became progressively paralyzed. It was one of my duties to edit the official bulletin, and I soon discovered that every reference to Nedich as a "puppet" or a "traitor" was strictly censored by Fotich, even when the words were quoted from the American press. As late as September 18, 1941, I was forced to publish a communiqué to the effect that "news concerning the 'government' of General Nedich, who is called Marshal, is false propaganda shrewdly spread by the Nazis in order to misrepresent the true state of affairs. Nothing has been changed in Belgrade, where the occupation authorities continue to rule exclusively. General Nedich and other heads of departments are merely executives of the occupying authority." As though that were not bad enough!

At the same time a gigantic campaign was in the making to throw the entire blame for the defeat on the Croats, as well as to hold them responsible for deepening the gulf between themselves and the Serbs. The search for a scapegoat began simultaneously with the flight of the government. As soon as the leaders of the regime reached Athens an official communiqué was prepared placing all responsibility for the collapse on the Croats. Fortunately this pronouncement was withheld on the protest of a few democratic Serbian members, particularly Sava Kosanovich, Minister of Supply. In private, however, there was no restraint.

The truth of the matter is that, both politically and militarily, all but the avowed fascist elements in the Croat population had clearly demonstrated their solidarity with the new Yugoslav government. On April 3, when the Germans had whipped to a frenzy their efforts to split the country, we received at the legation the following cable from Foreign Minister Nincich in Belgrade:

> In connection with false reports which have been distributed during the past few days over the radio and through newspapers abroad concerning alleged disagreements between the authorities and the leaders of the Croat Peasant Party, I wish to state for your information and use: (1) Two important conferences were held yesterday in Zagreb by the leaders of the Croatian Peasant Party. The outcome of these conferences is that Croats and Serbs remain united whether at peace or at war. (2) Dr. Koshutich, vice-president of the Croatian Party, has reached a complete agreement with the Prime Minister, General Simovich, on all questions. Dr. Machek arrives in Belgrade tomorrow evening.

This was by no means the first time that Machek had demonstrated his loyalty to Yugoslavia and his enmity for the Axis powers. Nor was it to be the last. Rejecting exile, he said to a group of associates: "I am going to stay with my people and share their fate. I can die only once. You must continue to collaborate inside the Yugoslav government in exile and with our great allies. I shall never disavow you."

Again and again in the months that followed, Machek was offered power if only he would collaborate with the invader. Again and again he refused. He has been in and out of prisons and concentration camps for two years and would surely have been killed but for the extraordinary hold he has on the Croatian people. This is the man whom irresponsible Serb elements have branded as a traitor to Yugoslavia.

It must be remembered, moreover, that while democratic Croats were thus aligning themselves with the regime, some pan-Serb ministers of the government, reconstructed though it was, were still desperately trying to come to terms with the Axis powers. On taking office the government had declared its determination to abide by the terms of the Vienna Tripartite Pact, as long as they did "not impair our vital interests." Foreign Minister Nincich was all set to fly to Berlin for further talks, and Vice-Premier Slobodan Jovanovich to undertake a similar mission to Rome.

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As for the military aspect of the picture, the first decisive breaks in the Yugoslav front occurred not in Croatia but at Kashanik Pass and at Skoplje in southern Serbia, where General Nedich was in command. It was there that the break-through occurred which was to lose the war. It is true that the army of the north was dissolved, on April 9 and 10, at the frontier of Croatia, but this disastrous step was taken on the orders of Serbian generals. The General Staff had capitulated without the knowledge of the Cabinet, as Jovanovich was later to confirm. The Prime Minister himself had given the order to General Kalafatovich without informing his colleagues.

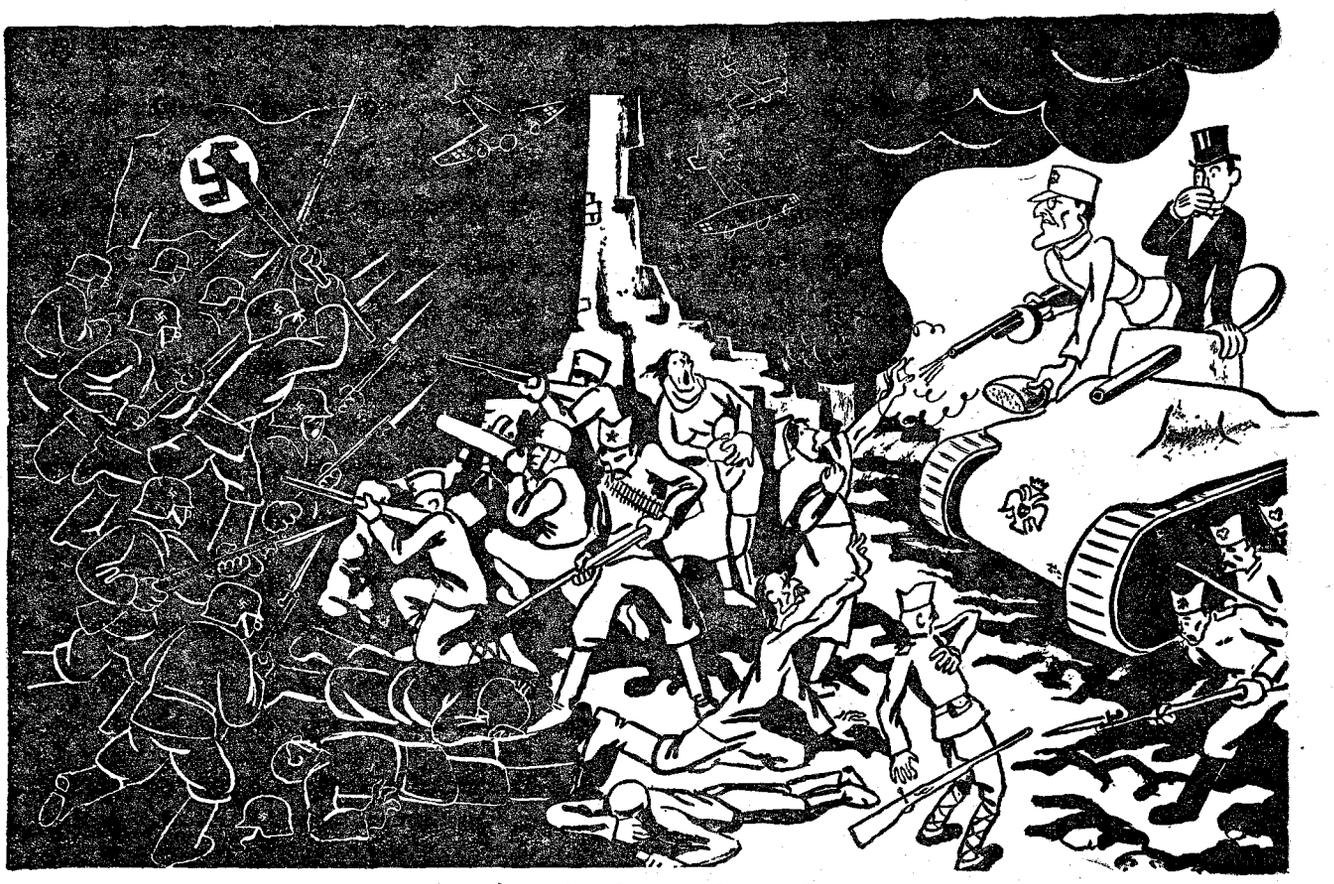
These facts are a matter of record, but they did not stop the professional promoters of Greater Serbia from carrying on. In the summer of 1941 a delegation of Serb officials who had escaped from Belgrade arrived in Washington with the wife of General Simovich. They spread the story far and wide that the military collapse of the highly touted Serbian army in twelve days had been brought about by Croatian treachery. The General's Chief of Cabinet unwittingly revealed the real purpose of this wholesale slander when he remarked that Yugoslavia could be restored only under Serb hegemony.

THE MASSACRE AND THE "SRBOBRAN"

Propaganda against the Croats demanded something more solid than these thin allegations, however, and something more solid was soon made available. It came in the form of the notorious Dönkelmann report concerning the massacre of Serbs which took place in Croatia and Bosnia in the summer of 1941.

In discussing this dreadful event I wish to say first of all, as a human being and as a Croat, that I cannot find words to express my horror and my condemnation of those outlaws among my countrymen who perpetrated this monstrous crime. I do not know how many Serbs lost their lives in the massacre, but the number certainly ran into the thousands. What was almost as outrageous as the act itself, however, was the criminal way in which the tragedy was exploited by the enemies of a restored Yugoslavia.

The massacre was the work of the Ustachi, Ante Pavelich's band of fascist assassins, working hand in glove with the Nazi invaders who had brought them to power. The Ustachi no doubt needed little urging, but what prodding had to be done was done gladly by the Germans, since any deepening of the Serb-Croat gulf was all to their advantage. What was unforgivable was the enthusiastic way in which the Serb chauvinists leaped at this opportunity to make disunity irrevocable. R. W. Seton-Watson, perhaps the foremost British authority on Yugoslav affairs, pointed out that despite their deep grievance, "the Serbs have spoiled their case by enormous exaggeration of the number of victims, and seem incapable of realizing the extent to which they are playing into the hands of the Germans by a persistent and



Mihailovich Opens a Second Front

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unjust identification of two such utterly different concepts as 'Croat' and 'Ustachi.' "

Official word of the massacre reached the legation in October, 1941, in the form of a lengthy memorandum addressed to General Dönkelmann, commander-in-chief of the German occupation forces in Serbia, by Valerian, the Orthodox Bishop of Budim. Ostensibly the document was a plea to Dönkelmann to stop the slaughter, but whatever its original purpose it was immediately seized upon by the government in exile, then in London, as a perfect weapon for anti-Croatian propaganda. Professor Seton-Watson condemned the report as a "tendencious document" designed to lead the reader "to the conclusion that an unbridgeable gulf of blood must henceforth separate Serbs and Croats and render impossible the revival of Yugoslavia."

This viciously distorted memorandum was forwarded to Mr. Fotich by Prime Minister Simovich. The London government, it should be noted, had never felt called upon to publicize the sufferings of the Croats and the Slovenes at the hands of the Axis and its puppets, or the slaughter of anti-Axis Serbs by General Nedich. When I read the document I communicated at once to Mr. Fotich my conviction that this was a device whereby the Axis hoped to divide Serbs and Croats forever and make the resurrection of Yugoslavia impossible. I suggested that the memorandum should be published in our official bulletin provided it was set in its true perspective and accompanied by the fullest explanation and by a sincere effort to find in the enormous suffering of innocent people, both Serb and Croat, a new element on which to build the unity of the nation.

Fotich categorically refused. Yugoslavia, he said, was no longer important; after what had happened it would never be rebuilt. But he did not resign as Yugoslav ambassador. The document was to be used, Fotich made it clear, not to promote but to prevent a restoration of Yugoslavia. The Serbs, he said, had now not only been betrayed by the Croats but slaughtered by them as well. The sufferings of the Yugoslav people were to be used for the building of Serb dominance and the destruction of the Croat position in its entirety.

As a Serb and as an individual, Mr. Fotich is of course entitled to his own political views. But he is in this country not in the capacity of a private citizen or Serb propagandist; he is here as ambassador of the Yugoslav nation. He is paid out of the national treasury to represent the interests of *all* the peoples of Yugoslavia—Croats and Slovenes as well as Serbs. Yet he has not once risen to defend the Croats against the violent campaign of abuse which has been waged against them by Serb and Serb American elements in this country whose one great aim is to prevent the restoration of the nation which Fotich supposedly represents.

Not only has the Ambassador never repudiated the slandering of the Croats, but he has given substantial aid and encouragement to the campaign; he has used his position deliberately to deepen the division between the constituent parts of his nation; and he has carried on these activities in a country which has granted him the courtesies and immunities of diplomacy.

For his purposes Fotich found a ready-made weapon in the *Amerikanski Srbobran,* a daily newspaper published in Pittsburgh, with a weekly English edition, by the Serb National Federation. It was to this Serb organ that Fotich chose to send the notorious Dönkelmann memorandum, unaccompanied by the slightest suggestion that it be presented in proper perspective, that its gross exaggerations and their purpose be pointed out, and that care be taken to emphasize the distinction between Croat and Ustachi. On the contrary, Fotich unhesitatingly gave the signal for an unbridled campaign to divide his country.

Incensed by Fotich's conduct, Sava Kosanovich, a Serb and a Minister of State, addressed in March, 1942, a blistering note to the government in London. Some excerpts follow:

> Yugoslav diplomats with sadistic pleasure are making the most harmful use of this tragedy [the Croatian massacre]. . . . In North America, for instance, Mr. Fotich, on November 2, 1941, in the Yugoslav legation personally delivered to the secretary of the *Srbobran* a copy of this memorandum . . . demanding that it be published "because that is necessary for the government." I have in my hand a paper marked "Confidential, Number 500, October 3, 1941," which Fotich originally sent to the *Srbobran* in order to launch the most repulsive campaign against the Croats, the government, and Yugoslavia. This campaign could not possibly have been better conceived from their own point of view by Hitler, Mussolini, and the Hapsburgs. The arguments inevitably arising out of this tragedy have been augmented by the addition of outrageous material and interpretations directed against the whole concept of Yugoslavia, and, what is worse, offered as the views prevailing in the Cabinet. . . .
>
> Let me say in conclusion that for many months material most harmful to the cause of Yugoslavia has been published in the *Srbobran.* Through this newspaper the Serbian National Defense is being organized for the creation of a Serbia as against Yugoslavia, against the Croats, and against the Slovenes. This campaign was undertaken by the *Srbobran* at the direct instigation of Envoy Fotich and with his assistance.
>
> As soon as it is indicated that the government in London does not approve of what the *Srbobran* is doing, such writings will lose all their appeal. I can assure you, in fact, that they will stop altogether. . . . Had Fotich even once during these past six months demanded on behalf of the government in London that this campaign cease, it would immediately have been discontinued, but he has not seen fit to do so.

[*Continued on page* 138]

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Facts for Mr. Stimson

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, January 20

THE testimony of Secretary of War Stimson deserves the most respectful consideration. He has, in the course of his long public and private career, amply demonstrated his devotion to democratic ideals. I think we are fortunate to have a man of his high character at the head of the War Department, and what he has to recommend is not lightly to be dismissed. His advice on a national-service act cannot, however, be exempted from careful analysis and thoroughgoing discussion, and I am sure he would not want it to be. It is with this apology that I must say that I did not find his statement to the Senate Military Affairs Committee persuasive.

I agree with his basic proposition: "The nation has no less right to require a man to make weapons than it has to require another man to fight with those weapons." I think he was giving labor and its leaders a warning they must heed if they are prepared, as I believe most of them are, to put long-range considerations involving the future of free government in America ahead of petty irritation or advantage. From all I can see and hear there is plenty of evidence for the Secretary's statement that "the industrial unrest and lack of sense of patriotic responsibility" it indicates "has aroused a strong feeling of resentment and injustice among the men of the armed forces." There was the tone of statesman-like appeal and not of threat in his warning: "I believe it is hazardous to belittle the effect which such a situation will have upon the ultimate welfare of our democracy." But it seems to me that what this adds up to is the strongest of arguments for maintenance of labor's no-strike pledge. Neither these statements nor the rest of the Secretary's testimony seemed to me to make out a case for a national-service act. For that is not a matter of emotional appeal, of however lofty and patriotic a character, but simply of *how the job can best be done.*

Secretary Stimson was arguing most to the point when he said that the war "is not almost over," that "we are approaching its most critical and difficult period," and that in this period "we shall require not only a large but flexible production." This reference to the need for "flexible" production is of the greatest importance. The Secretary explained what it meant when he said that this was the period "when we are likely to be confronted with new weapons of the enemy which will change the method of combat and require new weapons for ourselves." The ability to make quick shifts in the size of a gun, the design of a tank, or the form of a landing barge, not only in response to enemy changes but ahead of them, may spell the difference between victory and defeat in a whole campaign. Effective man-power mobilization is essential for those quick changes. But in justice to labor it must be said that the record of the last two years shows that the technological conservatism of the War and Navy departments and the reluctance of industry to acknowledge defects and make production changes have been the principal obstacles to such shifts. Even today we permit a situation in which we have three different types of engines in our medium tanks, enormously complicating the problem of parts' replacement and repair, and adding to the difficulties of production, because the three big automobile companies are too jealous of each other to permit choice of one engine. I might add that it was a labor leader, Walter Reuther, who first called attention to this more than two years ago.

I am not sure that the Secretary's advisers have fully informed him as to the facts. The Secretary said the army had to furlough soldiers to replace Montana copper miners and California airplane-factory workers who left their jobs for better pay. "Think of the waste of such a situation," the Secretary said, "taking soldiers from training for combat because they are the only persons who can be directed to stay where they are put!" With all due respect to the Secretary, this is neither correctly nor fairly expressed. I single it out not because I think it incorrect and unfair but because I think it indicates how poorly the War Department grasps the problem. It was not a shortage of workers, it was a shortage of workers with special skills, that forced us to furlough certain copper miners and aircraft mechanics and return them to industry. The pity and the waste are that specially skilled workers of this kind should have been drafted in the first place. The fault does not lie with labor. The fault lies with the failure of the War Department, Selective Service, and the War Manpower Commission, three poorly integrated and still conflicting agencies, to work out a program of occupational deferments. To paraphrase the Secretary, it may be no less important for one man to make weapons than for another to fight with those weapons. The men in charge of man-power—and the real authority here has rested and will continue to rest in the War Department—have never shown the patience, the knowledge, or the organizing ability to work out an orderly and sensible program of total man-power mobilization, military and civilian.

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If the reader will look up the Baruch report on West Coast Aircraft Man-Power Problems, as made public last September 18, he will see that the statements I have just made are fully supported by that report, as they are by every Congressional committee which has looked into the man-power situation. "Proper handling of man-power," the Baruch report said, "has been made impossible by the failure of government agencies to work as a team with a clearly defined program." One of Baruch's principal recommendations was that "all necessary aircraft workers on the West Coast definitely be assured of deferment . . . so that war production is not jeopardized by disruptive drawing of workers into the army." And Baruch, it must be remembered, is a man who has usually taken the side of the military as against the civilian agencies in the controversies between them in this war.

Just how far the Secretary's statement falls short of providing the true picture may be seen if one goes on to read Baruch's discussion of labor hoarding. For side by side with this shortage of irreplaceable skilled labor Baruch found "much labor . . . being hoarded or poorly utilized" not only on the West Coast but "all through the country." He blamed "prevailing cost-plus-fixed-fee contracts," and responsibility for these rests squarely on army-navy procurement. The point is not the use of these contracts; a strong case can be made out for them in many instances. The point is that, having made them, it is up to army-navy procurement to see that they are not abused. As Baruch said, it is time not only to focus on the 5, 10, or 15 cents of the production dollar that goes into profits but to reduce "the 85, 90, or 95 cents of the production dollar represented by costs." This is of first importance, not to save money, but to save labor.

Here we arrive at the heart of the national-service problem, a system of inspecting and controlling labor utilization in the factory. This is part of what the Baruch report meant when it said man-power problems "cannot be solved by thinking solely in terms of labor controls. Control over production is equally important." What is needed is, first of all, a centralized and coordinated control in Washington of production, procurement, and man-power so that consistent and understandable directives can be given to the local agencies which must play a major part in any total mobilization. To this the army-navy bureaucracy and Byrnes have been strongly opposed. What is needed, secondly, is a labor-management works council in the plant, from which alone can be obtained the detailed information necessary for effective inspection of labor utilization. The army-navy bureaucracy, generally speaking, dislikes both labor-management set-ups and anything that smacks of interference with the sacred prerogatives of management, including that of wasting labor. Without steps of this kind, national service would serve only to embitter labor by adding compulsion to confusion.

25 Years Ago in "The Nation"

THE NEWS FROM GERMANY changes from day to day, and the hope of an early restoration of general order and the development of a stable government is still dim. . . . The whole situation is the more disturbing because of the near approach of the peace conference, and the apparent disposition of France and England, not to mention other countries, to insist upon heavy indemnities and the imposition of a long period of tutelage.—*January 4, 1919.*

WE ASK THAT THE GOVERNMENT of the United States bring pressure to bear upon the Allies to abandon their present policy in Russia and secure, under threat, if need be, of complete dissociation from their plans, the withdrawal of all Allied troops. We ask that representatives of the Soviet government be admitted to the peace conference. We ask the prompt dispatch, in cooperation with the Soviet government, of food and clothing and necessary industrial and agricultural machinery. . . . We ask these things for the Russian Revolution and the starving people of Russia; but even more we ask these things in order that the United States may for its own sake share in righting an intolerable wrong.—*January 4, 1919.*

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Nation:* Sir: For some time I have looked forward to the arrival of your paper each week with real pleasure, but you are getting too Bolshevik for me. My family arrived in Philadelphia with William Penn and has been here ever since. . . . You will do me a favor by canceling my subscription to *The Nation* as soon as possible. —M. M. S., *January 4, 1919.*

IF THE POLICY which M. Clemenceau has championed . . . and by which he has declared that he intends to be guided if he is permitted to represent France at the peace conference prevails, the conference which is about to meet will be only another Congress of Vienna.—*January 11, 1919.*

LITERARY NOTE: An eyewitness's account of the Russian Revolution is soon to be published by Boni and Liveright in John Reed's "Ten Days That Shook the World."—*January 11, 1919.*

TO LAY THE BLAME for unemployment, both actual and threatened, on the public authorities has become a common practice.—*January 18, 1919.*

ONE OF THE SOREST SPOTS in a world still full of wounds is the seaport town of Fiume. Out of all proportion to its size or general importance Fiume has managed to center upon itself the troubled attention of the diplomats of the world. . . . The Italian Cabinet is in the hands of the most complete irreconcilables. . . . The Yugoslavs show an equal determination to attain their "ancient rights."—*January 25, 1919.*

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A Settlement for Poland

BY LOUIS WITOLD

A FOG of prejudice envelops the Russo-Polish issue on all sides. And yet the essential facts are not difficult to state. The two parties to the dispute have much in common. Both desire to get the Germans quickly out of Poland and to have their general staffs act in harmony. Indeed, the loyalist Polish underground movement must either work with the advancing Soviet forces or be disarmed by them: it cannot stay neutral in a battle zone. The U. S. S. R. needs a speedy settlement, and so does the Polish government in exile, which is anxious to prevent the emergence of a rival administration when the Soviet advance reaches a political center within Poland.

Both peoples are determined to prevent reemergence after the war of the German military menace. By accepting the Soviet offer to support the transfer to a "strong and independent" Poland of most of East Prussia and of Silesia up to the Oder, Poland would become dependent on Russian assistance, but it would gain a Russian commitment replacing the perennial menace of a Russo-German anti-Polish deal such as was consummated in 1939. The transfer of territory would also help Poland to solve its main domestic problem—by absorbing in a vast industrial development and in new settlements in the north the mass of its landless, or nearly landless, peasantry.

A negotiated settlement of the border dispute along the lines proposed by Russia would largely legalize the Soviet Union's seizure of land and people in 1939 and 1940. Poland would be strengthened both east and west by bringing all Poles within its borders, provided it obtained Lwow and the natural resources of Galicia, including oil. This would of course necessitate an agreed vast transfer of populations.

Both the U. S. S. R. and Poland want freedom from fear and from want. Both face a tremendous job of reconstruction. Soviet soldiers are likely to demand for their families the standards they themselves enjoyed during the war. Polish peasants, once they are in control of their government at home, will refuse to endure much longer their life of unremitting poverty. The two countries grimly realize that no freedom can be enjoyed if war is to break out soon again. They are equally in need of peaceful intercourse and trade with foreign lands. The Soviet Union is as nearly self-sufficient as a great power can be; yet it cannot reconstruct its shattered economy without some ten billion dollars' worth of imports from the United States, in addition to lesser purchases from other countries. For Poland, whose welfare is so largely dependent on foreign trade, free commercial intercourse is requisite to its national existence.

For twenty-five years, indeed until Teheran (*Pravda* notwithstanding), the U. S. S. R. was haunted by either the reality or the specter of foreign intervention. For twenty-five years Poland wasted 40 per cent of its expenditures on defense against Germany and Russia. A relationship of mutual friendship and assistance between Poland and Russia within the promised "international community" would permit both countries to concentrate on internal development.

But on this point grave differences have arisen. The U. S. S. R. evidently proposes to "take care" of its neighbors by proclaiming a Monroe Doctrine of its own in Central and Southern Europe east of Germany. It may or may not actually incorporate some of these nations in its union. Its present federal system is capable of infinite elasticity. The venerable Jan Smuts called for more elasticity within the British Commonwealth when he recently invited Holland and Belgium into a common union. May not Stalin be tempted to invite into the Soviet Union two or three of the neighbors in the sphere of his Monroe Doctrine? Stalin's invitation might prove much less popular than Smuts's. The European underground, including both the loyalist and the partisan groups in Poland, craves freedom as it is practiced in the Western democratic world.

Enjoyment of freedom in Russia, non-existent under the Czars, who were overthrown barely twenty-six years ago, is slowly developing. Young Soviet citizens point proudly to a progressive increase in their human rights. The Poles enjoyed political freedom during the first seven years of independence; it was severely curtailed from 1926 to 1939, but not to such an extent as in the U. S. S. R. The Czechoslovaks have always had it, and yet Benes signed in Moscow without misgivings a treaty of mutual assistance which involved agreement not only on foreign and military but also on economic policy. Before 1939 Czechoslovakia traded mainly with Germany; now its chief market will be the Soviet area. Its national economy is to be reshaped, its railroads, highways, and airways rebuilt accordingly. But like Poland, it can renounce neither its trade with other lands nor its close ties with Western civilization. A united Europe would suit Czechoslovakia best, but having been a victim of power politics in 1938, it intends to become a beneficiary if power politics regain control after 1944.

Can Poland do the same? Poland fought both Russia

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and Germany, depending exclusively on the West for support. The entry of Russian troops into Warsaw cannot but evoke memories of the past, of Imperial armies before 1915 and of Communist forces in 1920. Hence the suspicion which pervades all parties behind the government in exile. Premier Mikolajczyk is a cooperative-minded, well-to-do farmer-politician from Poznania, sharing Benes's hatred of Germany and his readiness to come to terms with Russia. His People's Party has a large following of farmers and is led by right-wingers sympathizing with the "green international."* But it includes very advanced peasant youth and claims to defend both rich and landless peasants as a class distinct from the squirearchy which for centuries ruled Poland. The Polish Socialist Party, with its tradition of opposition to the Czars, is essentially led by a romantic intelligentsia in control of pre-war trade unions and social-security machinery; intransigent on the issue of full national independence and passionately hostile to communism, it is influential throughout the country and shares with Mikolajczyk the control of the government machinery. To the extent indicated, the government in exile is a coalition of "peasants and workers."

But power in Poland before 1940 was in the hands of a military clique. At no time was power exercised in the interests of peasants or workers. The middle class was ruined by the Russian Revolution, the collapse of Austria, and the post-war inflation. The landed gentry lost its capital and most of its estates. Another fifteen years would have seen the disappearance of all land available for distribution. Deprived of its economic foundation, the gentry swarmed into the army as officers and seized power on behalf of Pilsudski. After Pilsudski's death their rule was legalized by an authoritarian constitution which is still in force. During the two or three years preceding the war a mass movement of protest was gaining in strength; municipal elections were won by the Socialist and Peasant parties, but power continued to be shared by the President—responsible, in terms of the constitution, only to God and history—and the commander of the army, Marshal Rydz-Smigly. They, together with Foreign Minister Beck, were "the government," dreaming dreams of Poland as a "great power," convinced of the inevitable downfall of the Western democracies and the advent of "strong government," Italian style, hostile to Czechoslovakia and to a Russia of whatever complexion. Having previously declined, two to one, a German alliance against Russia, they were compelled by pressure from below to stand up to the German challenge.

This regime collapsed in September, 1939. After an unsuccessful last-minute plot to maintain itself abroad, it was succeeded by a coalition of parties which for thirteen years had been excluded from office and which never in fact exercised power—men of the day before yesterday thrust into a situation which required vision and great political courage.

Since Sikorski was the one outstanding military man who had favored, in and out of season, the French and British connection and recognized the necessity of fighting Germany, he naturally took over. Unfortunately his officers belonged to the old regime. Interested mainly in their return to power, they kept their powder dry and their pens furiously working in an atmosphere of utter unreality, convinced of the inevitability of a clash between Russia and the Western powers.

Sikorski's policy of conciliation with Russia was blocked by them at every turn. Not that the Soviet Union facilitated an agreement. All Poles resident in Russia in 1941 were proclaimed Soviet citizens on the ground that they either belonged in areas in which plebiscites had been held or by their mere presence testified to their preference for Russia; tens of thousands of Poles were forcibly evacuated to Russia. After endless wrangling a lame compromise was in sight when the Katyn bombshell wrecked everything. Most Poles believed that the thousands of officers whose bodies were found were slain by the Soviet secret police when, after the fall of France, Russia decided to divide Poland with Germany. Despite this belief the people were in general eager for a reconciliation with Russia and considered the Sikorski appeal to the International Red Cross to investigate the massacre a tragic blunder.

Thus while Benes had a clear road toward a pact, the Poles are hindered by their uneasy past relations with Russia and by recent mutual recriminations and suspicion.

Both Poland and Czechoslovakia have learned that alliances will not prevent disaster. Both need security against Germany, but security requires the relinquishment of many sovereign rights in exchange for some kind of "super-national" machinery. Which is it to be? A three-power pact with the Soviet Union, or the "integrated Europe" suggested vaguely in the Churchill broadcast of March, 1943, and apparently coldly received by Washington? Or will it be the "international authority" announced at Moscow and Teheran and then left at that? No one today can say.

The Russian-Polish issue has raised many other European and world issues. How can certain German areas be transferred in the absence of a general Allied plan? How can individual countries agree on economic policies without an Allied decision about German industries? How can they enter into permanent security pacts before the foundations of a European and inter-continental structure have been laid? Poland may have blundered and the U. S. S. R. have been particularly heavy-handed, but no valid settlement can be effected until a coherent policy has been agreed on by the United States and the United Kingdom.

* Of conservative peasant parties.

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Rank-and-File Kilowatts

BY McALISTER COLEMAN

REMEMBER the jokes about the salmon going up the ladders of the Bonneville Dam on the Columbia River that circulated when the dam was opened in 1937? Remember how the stout boys of the right grew apoplectic about the still bigger dam farther up the river, Grand Coulee? That was the "biggest boondoggle of them all," and all the dams along the Columbia were "white elephants in a wilderness." Why spend our taxes to produce cheap and abundant power 'way out there in the woods, with no industries around to use it? As recently as March, 1941, when the first generator turned over at Grand Coulee, even the most ardent New Dealers expressed their private doubts as to the immediate usefulness of the mighty projects. Maybe they would be valuable for irrigation, they said; Coulee would eventually irrigate an area as large as all Connecticut. But power? Well, that was something else again. How were the taxpayers going to get back the $174,000,000 for the Coulee dam and power plant, to say nothing of the $394,000,000 that would be spent in the next twenty-five to fifty years for all the contemplated reclamation, conservation, and power projects?

Pearl Harbor put a sudden stop to all talk of that sort. To be sure, there are signs that it will soon be resumed, but today critics of public power in the Northwest are silent before this formula: Grand Coulee plus Bonneville produces 1,250,000 kilowatts per day. And the bulk of those million and a quarter kilowatts is powering war plants in Washington and Oregon whose products will play an important part in the big push against Japan, as indeed they are vital today in the preliminary moves. Right now 40 per cent of all the aluminum used in the war effort is made with juice from the big Columbia River dams. And these are also energizing magnesium, electro-chemical, and electro-metallurgical works, shipbuilding and lumbering, military establishments, cooperatives, public-utility districts, and publicly owned municipal utilities. New generators at both Bonneville and Grand Coulee will provide still more power for the ever-increasing demands of our war industries. The Bonneville Advisory Board has recommended construction of storage dams at Albeni Falls and Cabinet Gorge on the Clark Fork of the Columbia River in Idaho, and at Hungry Horse on the Flathead River in Montana. Contract sheets for power from Bonneville and Coulee grow larger every day. And the salmon are getting up the ladders all right without benefit of "free" enterprise.

This is not to say that public power has won so sweeping a victory in our "Inland Empire"—Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Montana—that its champions can rest on their laurels. Under the banners of "free enterprise," the privateers are launching a nation-wide assault upon the people's ownership and use of their own resources. In the Northwest two related campaigns are under way in the free enterprisers' current attempt at a glorious comeback. In one, private ownership is fighting public ownership in the field of electric light and power; in the other, private ownership is fighting public ownership over the disposition of the new war plants that have sprung up around the great dams.

The fight on the power front is at its hottest right now in Washington, where the public-power people are working for a referendum permitting the fast-growing Public-Utility Districts in the state to acquire and operate entire electrical systems, instead of being compelled as at present to operate only small portions of systems using Bonneville-Coulee power. A statement of Pacific Northwest labor men—C. I. O., A. F. of L., and railroaders—urging the passage of the Public-Utility District measure reads as follows: "The huge Alcoa plant at Vancouver, the Reynolds plant at Longview, the Olin Aluminum plant at Wenatchee—all of these are accomplishments of public power. Without public power, shipbuilding and airplane manufacture would still be bawling infants instead of the young giants they now are." These labor men are looking forward with lively apprehension to the situation which the Northwest must face immediately after the war, and at the same time they are combating the propaganda of what Amos Pinchot once called "the kilowatt klan."

A recent example of such propaganda was the sprawling advertisement of the Puget Sound Power and Light Company in the Seattle papers. This privately owned concern has long been a thorn in the side of City Light, Seattle's great publicly owned hydroelectric development, which has given the town its reputation as "America's best-lighted city." By order of the SEC and a Massachusetts court the Puget Sound Company was compelled the other day to hold an election for a new board of directors —one on which Eastern financial interests would not be so conspicuous as formerly. In the advertisement a picture of a number of substantial-looking citizens sitting chummily around a directors' table was accompanied by this blurb: "This is free enterprise in action . . . chance for progress in the American Way. This is public ownership, honest-to-goodness American style, with business management under government regulation. With Puget

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Power it is a case of pooling the money and talents of a lot of people for mutual benefit in the rendering of a valuable public service. We are working and will be working with you as partners in the building of an ever-greater state of Washington—which, it can be truly said, has a future bright with promise."

Old-time battlers for City Light smiled sardonically when they read this, remembering how desperately and with what dubious tactics Puget Power had fought to destroy both the municipally owned plant and its fearless superintendent, the late James Delmage Ross, the Northwest's beloved "J. D." With a certain pride they pointed out that only in such a strongly held public domain as theirs would a private company attempt to sell itself as an "honest-to-goodness" public-ownership enterprise.

A more familiar argument along the old lines of "Pin the Bolshevik label on 'em" was used in this "stuffer" inclosed in the bills of a privately owned company: "Let's fight and work to keep our business system in the hands of free men. Let us turn a deaf ear to those who, under cover of war emergency, would lead us into a system of national socialism, which is the slavery typified by NAZI."

In Seattle at any rate, where residential consumers are enjoying the use of three times the national average of light and power at a cost of around one cent a kilowatt hour, the outcries of the private companies fall on deaf ears. When the Seattle owner of an "all-electric home" receives from City Light a monthly bill of only $5 for juice that runs an electric range and an automatic hot-water tank, in addition to his lighting and a number of electrical gadgets, he is not likely to be impressed with the "American Way" of free enterprise. Nor is the citizen of neighboring Tacoma, where the publicly owned plant charges the lowest rates in the country, or of the twenty or so other towns throughout the state that own their plants. Not long ago the Seattle City Council, by no stretch of the imagination a radical body, voted unanimously not to grant a franchise to Puget Power after its present franchise expires in 1952, thereby setting a precedent which future councils will find it difficult to ignore.

THE P. U. D.'S

Outside the cities, out in the grass roots and tall timber of the Northwest, the struggle continues. Here it is the rapid growth of Washington's "Public-Utility Districts" and Oregon's "People's Utility Districts" which the private interests are seeking to strangle. In Washington, which has one-fifth of the nation's hydroelectric power, with an aggregate potential of more than ten million horse-power, the Public-Utility Districts came into being as the result of an initiative enacted in 1930. The districts may buy and sell power inside and outside their limits, which are usually those of the county, and have the right of eminent domain—they may buy, condemn, or lease properties. Three commissioners elected by the district's voters run its affairs. Washington now has fifteen Public-Utility Districts in highly successful operation, saving customers huge sums in rates and making cheap and abundant power easily accessible to thousands of farmers and small home-owners. These P. U. D.'s are developing new types of public servants, who understand the problems of our future industrial and agricultural civilization. Instead of being high-pressure salesmen for Eastern holding companies, like the officials of privately owned utilities, the P. U. D. commissioners are farmers, workingmen, and small business men, responsive to the needs of the community.

Commissioner J. N. Erlandsen of Everett, Washington, for example, is an active unionist who has just announced that the Public-Utility District of Snohomish County will now proceed to construct its own system. He explains that this step is necessary in order to derive full benefit from cheap Bonneville power rates. The privately owned power company in the county wanted $13,500,000 for the properties involved in the condemnation suit, whereas the P. U. D.'s engineers valued them at no more than $4,000,000. Incidentally, the assessed value of the properties, on which the private company pays taxes, is but $900,000. Commissioner Doyle, of the militant Cowlitz County district, is a member of the Machinists' Union and former president of his local. Commissioner Marshall of Thurston County is a member of the United Mine Workers of America. It is significant that one of the first acts of the Washington Commissioners' Association was to insist that all Public-Utility Districts bargain collectively with unions.

While farmers are naturally more interested in the irrigation than in the power possibilities of the big dams, they too are strong for public power. The usually conservative Grange in both Oregon and Washington supports it wholeheartedly.

It was good to talk to those rugged men of the rank and file after a session with the watered-down descendants of the pioneers, city slickers calling themselves "free enterprisers." One district commissioner, a member of the C. I. O. Woodworkers' Union, said: "These private fellers can't get up enough enterprise, free or otherwise, to bring cheap juice from Bonneville right down the line. So we've got to get it for ourselves. We figure that's enterprising for everybody's good, the way it was out here in the early days. And we are appeasing nobody." This last was a reference to what many of the rank-and-file public-power men believe to be the over-cautious policies of some top men in the Bonneville administration. The commissioners don't accept the idea that we are heading for a reactionary regime after the war and so what's the use of fighting the privateers? Some would welcome the organization of a militant farmer-labor alliance for independent political action.

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THE FIGHT LOOMS

Some sort of effective action in the political as well as the economic field must be taken—and soon—if there is not to be that mass exodus from the Northwest which forward-looking citizens fear when the curtain finally drops on the war. The plans of the capitalists in both old parties are plain enough, and the Northwestern delegation in Congress—which includes the progressive Homer T. Bone in the Senate and Representative John Coffee in the House—is now girding its loins against their political maneuverings. Evidently they hope to reduce the Northwest to its former subordinate position in the national economy, with shipping, lumber, and fishing its main enterprises. Indeed, S. W. Murphy, president of the Electric Bond and Share Company, has gone so far as to suggest that after the war Bonneville and Grand Coulee, together with the TVA, be sold to private interests for the purpose of "reducing the public debt." At a public meeting in December Henry Kaiser said that within a year after the war there would not be employment for more than 5 per cent of the workers now employed in his Portland shipyards. Behind the scenes there are moves to nip in the bud the hopeful start of a steel industry near the dams; though the coal in the region is mostly sub-bituminous or lowly lignite, geologists and engineers say that it could be put to productive use. Naturally the Alcoa crowd discourages the project of making aluminum from native clays in Oregon.

Already, through Jesse Jones's Defense Plant Corporation, the government has invested more than $170,000,000 in the plants at the big dams, as compared with private industry's $27,000,000. The two chief products are aluminum and magnesium, the light metals of which tomorrow's world, according to the advertisements, will be fabricated. Nothing, of course, would please the ineffable Jones more than to give back the government-subsidized plants to the indicted Indians of Alcoa and Dow Chemical the minute the guns cease firing overseas. The erstwhile aluminum and magnesium monopolists are anguished to see Uncle Sam owning 70 per cent of the nation's aluminum-production facilities and 94 per cent of the magnesium facilities, and obtaining the power which is so large a factor in the production of both metals from publicly owned dams at $17.50 a kilowatt year—Bonneville's wholesale industrial rate.

The labor men whom I quoted above say that "thanks to public power the future of the Northwest is brighter than it has ever been before. Public power is cheap power, and cheap power is a strong industrial magnet." Hope for a continued high level of employment, they say, must be based on "the full utilization of the resources of the region. The most vital of these resources and the peculiar advantage of the Northwest is its hydroelectric energy, which exceeds that of any area of similar size on the continent." Here, they believe, "is the foundation for a post-war expansion unrivaled elsewhere on earth."

It is no private fight that is going on out there in our Inland Empire. We are all in it. If the present drive for a return to free enterprise succeeds in destroying the publicly owned projects in the Northwest, it will destroy the most hopeful opportunity in the United States for achieving full employment, production for use, and genuine industrial democracy.

In the Wind

REPRESENTATIVE MARCANTONIO of New York, attacking supporters of anti-poll-tax bills other than his own, has characterized one such opponent as "poll-taxer Dubinsky." The reference is not taken seriously by Mr. Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, but it must be sacrilege to the ears of Representative Rankin of Mississippi, who combines a fanatic devotion to the poll tax with a lively taste for anti-Semitism.

FROM THE NEW YORK *Times* account of a radio program whitewashing the record of the New York City police department in dealing with anti-Semitic violence: "Mayor LaGuardia declared that it was 'heartbreaking' that recent discussions have created the impression that there is racial or religious discord in the city."

THIS STATEMENT appeared not in *PM* but in the irreproachably conservative *Printers' Ink*, a magazine devoted to advertising and selling: "One huge defense plant has about four hundred Negro women in one separate division, mostly housewives. In effectiveness they outclass the main plant."

ON THE DISMISSAL of Dr. Francis E. McMahon from the faculty of Notre Dame University, the *Catholic Herald-Citizen* of Milwaukee has this to say: "Multiple harm to the church and to Catholic education is bound to result from such a happening. The smoldering forces of prejudice and anti-Catholic feeling existing in secular academic circles have been furnished ammunition for the favorite charge that Catholic education is purely authoritarian and basically in the fascist pattern."

FESTUNG EUROPA: The German Armaments Ministry reports that Allied air raids are keeping a million bricklayers busy on a full-time basis. . . . The illegal newspaper *La Libre Belgique* reports that food prices have risen 350 to 750 per cent. . . . Four Norwegian patriots called on a Quisling follower one evening recently, stripped him naked, carried him into the back yard, and stuffed him into his own garbage can.

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

ART YOUNG

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

THERE was something old-fashioned about Art Young, about his personality, his humor, his art, his radicalism. All were indigenous in the best sense of the word; all seemed to hail from a simpler, pre-industrial America, where individualism was personal, not political, where humor was broad, art was not a private language, and radicalism consisted of the moral conviction that all men are created equal and that it isn't fair for some people to have a lot while others have nothing.

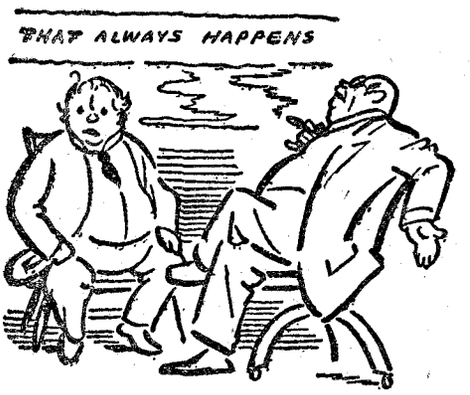
This impression is reinforced by a reading of his autobiography. He grew up in the small town of Monroe, Wisconsin, where his father ran the local store. He began drawing pictures as soon as he could manage a pencil. And curiously enough, neither his parents nor the townspeople thought it was queer. On the contrary, he was praised and encouraged, in and out of school, and in his 'teens he held his first one-man show in the local post office. "There's a blank wall goin' to waste," said Bill Hoesly, the postmaster. "I guess Uncle Sam wouldn't object if you tacked up some of your masterpieces."

In Art's boyhood—he left the town in 1883—Monroe probably had more in common with the earlier America of itinerant painters than with the then burgeoning America of traveling salesmen. Money-grubbing was only beginning to be the national obsession. Artisans commanded more respect, and the distinction between artisans and artists was not so fiercely insisted upon; the fact that Art Young's mother was Pennsylvania Dutch may have contributed to the tolerance of art in the house. Then, of course, Art's subjects were the neighbors, and they were entertained by his pictures of them.

At seventeen, with no recorded opposition, he went to Chicago to make his way as an artist. He earned only a bare living, but he earned it doing what he wanted to do, and perhaps because of his early experience of being accepted on his own terms he seems never to have had the sense of being cut off from the general run of Americans or of being subject to any special hazards because he was an artist.

This uncomplicated assumption that there was nothing queer or sad about being an artist in America seems to me apparent in his work—in the direct, simple, self-confident line, the pleasure and spontaneity in attack, the absence of anything resembling personal bitterness, and the joyous inclusion of his well-rounded self in his cartoons.

His radicalism had the same healthy qualities. To him there seemed nothing queer or sad about being a radical either, and his attitude is perfectly illustrated in his picture of himself falling asleep at his own trial for "treason." He became a radical not because he had been hurt personally



To a leading lawyer of the village I expressed myself on the subject of war and militarism. I spoke particularly of the ex-soldiers sleeping in hallways and alleys of the cities—homeless and jobless.

"Oh!" said he, as if to dismiss the subject, "that happens after every war—it happened after the Civil War."

I was impressed as usual when reminded of a perfectly good precedent and a well-established custom.

but because what he saw going on didn't square either with his own feelings toward the next fellow, whoever that might be, or with the principles he had been brought up on in Monroe, Wisconsin. His "social consciousness," as we would say now, developed late—it began when he found out the truth about the Haymarket case—but it stayed put because it was an organic and indigenous growth. He was a Jeffersonian socialist, if I may coin a label. There was nothing exotic about Art Young.

I stress this fact because I'm tired of hearing the myth that socialism and internationalism are incompatible with the "American way." To Art Young they seemed a logical extension of the American way if the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights mean what they say. And he was right.

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The drawings reproduced here first appeared in these pages. Art Young began to draw for *The Nation* in 1922 when Oswald Garrison Villard asked him to contribute a

Art Young Gets Busy

monthly page of his cartoons. It was called Looking On, and Art chose his own subjects. That was the beginning of a collaboration and a friendship that never ended, though in his later years his work appeared all too seldom in our columns. I doubt very much that any of Art's thousand and one friendships ever ended, for his love of human beings was as irreversible as his hatred of the evils they invent.

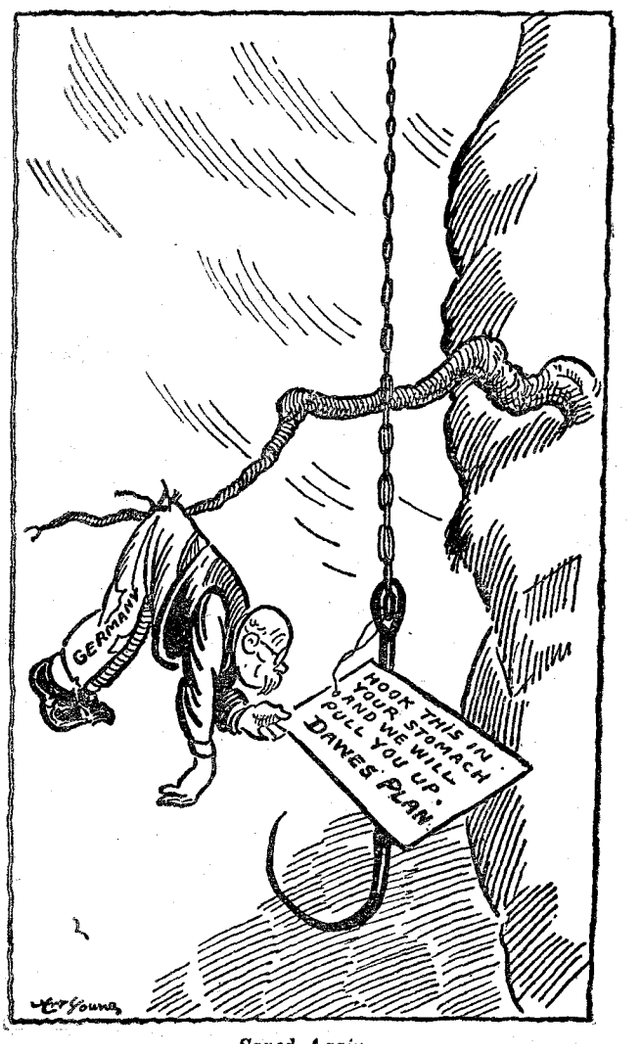
Santayana's Memoirs

PERSONS AND PLACES: THE BACKGROUND OF MY LIFE. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE philosopher who is also his own biographer—the metaphysician as memorialist—is not a familiar figure, not a classic type, in the history of literature; there are, of course, John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, but unless Rousseau is a kind of exception, it is not very easy to think of others. Time was when one might have generalized against the possible union in one mind of a genius for dialectics and the autobiographer's gift of self-revelation; the editors of a recent series—the "Library of Living Philosophies"—have been undeterred by any such doubts, and the introductory personal essays in these volumes by men like Whitehead and G. E. Moore would seem to vindicate their confidence, for these essays are full of juice. In a similar volume, Irwin Edman's excellent edition of "The Philosophy of Santayana," there appeared A Brief History of My Opinions by Santayana himself, a vigorous fragment of autobiography which made one wonder what Epicurus or Spinoza would have done with a similar assignment; and now comes, by mysterious messengers from Rome, the first volume of what is apparently to be a very full memoir by Santayana—the story, this, of his childhood, boyhood, and college years.

It is an extraordinarily rich and delicate piece of writing: Santayana turns out to be a memorialist in the great tradition. The form, unlike that of the novel, is one in which he moves comfortably and with grace, and the qualities one failed to find in "The Last Puritan"—itself "A Memoir in the Form of a Novel"—qualities of vitality, of spontaneity, of naturalness and charitable humor—are abundantly here. In "The Last Puritan," one felt, Santayana was paying off too many old scores: they are paid now, presumably, and his spirit is free to expatiate over the past without acrimony, or with only the mild infusion of acrimony needful to give such a work savor and character. There was an awkward disequilibrium in his novel between the writer's senses and his sentiments, between his perceptions of the outer world and his habitual abstractions; here, on the contrary, the two are polarized as they ought to be, and Santayana moves back and forth with an effortless irony and tenderness between the rather Goyaesque drawings he makes of Avila in his childhood and the "feeling" story of his early religiosity, between the jerry-built Back Bay of the seventies and the youthful origins of his pessimism, between a handed-down dress of his sister Susana's ("elaborate with a looped overskirt, yellow satin bow-knots, and scalloped edges") and the handed-down culture, as he saw it, of the Boston into which he was so traumatically flung at the very risky age of eight.

There is no doubt that it *was* a trauma, this shock of transplantation from his father's impecunious but slow-paced Old World household in Castilian Avila to the raw new mansions of Beacon Street and the improved methods of Miss Welchman's Kindergarten. The rather violent conflicts of direction and attachment that it produced have given poignancy and a rather stately pathos to all of Santayana's life as well as to his philosophy; a loss was suffered which he himself does not blink: "There was a terrible moral disinheritance involved," he says, "an emotional and intellec-



Saved Again

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tual chill, a pettiness and practicality of outlook and ambition, which I should not have encountered amid the complex passions and intrigues of a Spanish environment." But he adds that if his fate had been in one sense happier, and Spain or southern Europe his permanent home, he would not have been "the person that I am now"; he would certainly not have been the writer he ended by being, and the unique interest of his work as a philosopher—its curious, ambiguous, Mediterranean-Yankee unity in disparity—would have been replaced by something more acceptably uniform, perhaps, but surely less complex, less various, less vitally paradoxical. It was the tension between Santayana's Spanish heritage, his Spanish infancy, and that sensationally contrarious world of the Boston Latin School and Harvard under President Eliot that made possible "The Life of Reason" and "Realms of Being." We might have profited less from a more coherent philosopher: we have after all, to that end, Unamuno—or William James.

Except for William James, as he remarked in A Brief History, Santayana's thought would never have taken just the turn it did, and one cannot read this new book without feeling in how many ways the discomforts, the antagonisms, even the denials of Santayana's long life in this country kept his senses on the alert and his wits on the stretch: perhaps the all but literally Portuguese Jew Spinoza gained some such good from Amsterdam and The Hague. It is true that, from Santayana's point of view, America had a mainly negative and astringent value for him, and a deep-rooted American will not feel that either "The Last Puritan" or "Persons and Places" does justice to what was most creative in America even in the years they cover—to that perfection which, as Santayana says here and elsewhere, every form of life has in its own fashion. He missed rather more than he saw, or he would hardly have thought J. S. Sargent one of "the two most creditable living Americans." What he missed is perhaps, as Henry James once put it, the American's secret—"his joke, as one may say"—and during this dark night of the European soul, with the spectacle of Europe's tragic failure and ruin before us, we can be neither vainglorious nor cringing on that score. American readers of these books can make their own reservations, mainly in silence, and meanwhile there is much to be learned from them. No one but Santayana could have seen just what he saw in the New England of the Age of Howells: his memories of those decades have a fictional sharpness, a precision of imagery, a piercing psychological quality that one finds in few comparable American autobiographies.

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Lend-Lease Saga

LEND-LEASE, WEAPON FOR VICTORY. By Edward R. Stettinius, Jr. The Macmillan Company. $3.

LEND-LEASE is a misnomer. The term served well enough, perhaps, in the adolescent days when we were talking of a "defense program" in terms of "cash-and-carry neutrality" and "aid to Britain" and "measures short of war." It had its origin in the President's famous press-conference parable about lending a garden hose to a neighbor whose house was on fire. But once the conflagration reached our own house, we ceased to be lenders or leasers and became instead full partners in a great community effort to extinguish the blaze.

Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., who managed this mechanism with distinguished effectiveness, has written a compact and sometimes exciting chronicle of its accomplishments. The story of lend-lease is, in essence, the story of this country's slow response to the threat of Axis aggression, its miraculous marshaling of its strength, and its adaptation to problems of coalition warfare on a planetary scale. The book provides, perhaps, the best short history of the American war effort yet published.

In 1939 American shipyards turned out 28 ocean-going vessels; our airplane factories produced 2,100 military planes, most of them trainers; tank production was practically nonexistent. We lacked shipyard and plant facilities to do much more than this. The facilities were created in large part by French and British orders placed in 1939 and 1940—paid for by British cash on the barrelhead until that cash was virtually exhausted. Without this prodding of American pro-

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duction we should have been greatly retarded in meeting our own emergency when it came upon us at the end of 1941.

He recalls those feverish days when American industry was beginning to flex its muscles. Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau was delegated to channel the foreign purchasing and did so with imaginative awareness of its importance to us. Our own army and navy demands, piled on top of foreign orders, swamped the factories. The President laid down his rule of thumb for the equal division of weapons between the British and ourselves. Destroyers were swapped for island bases. France fell, and the British purchasing officials over here made the tough decision to take over all French commitments. After Dunkirk, with all its modern equipment lost, Britain stood in imminent danger of invasion. President Roosevelt rounded up World War I weapons stored away in American arsenals, most of them more or less obsolete—Enfield rifles, 75's, an assortment of machine-guns—and ordered them rushed to Gravesend Bay, where they were loaded on British freighters. To do this within the fiction of neutrality, it was necessary to go through the ritual of selling the arms to the United States Steel Export Company, which, in turn, as a private enterpriser sold them at cost to the British government. "For weeks," says Mr. Stettinius, "while England's war factories worked night and day to make up the losses in Flanders, there were few guns in all of Britain that could stop a tank besides the nine hundred 75's from America. The 80,000 Lewis, Marlin, Browning, and Vickers machine-guns strengthened the defenses of every threatened beachhead and every road leading in from the coast."

Lend-lease itself, when it was finally adopted in March, 1941, started as a trickle; most of our munitions were still "on order." But it has grown to a torrent. Mr. Stettinius's later chapters detail the enormous obstacles overcome in getting food and arms across dangerous seas to Britain, China, and the Soviet Union. For the casual reader the account is perhaps overstudded with statistics. But even these are enlivened and made meaningful by a set of brilliantly original maps and pictographs designed by Irving Geis.

Lend-lease provided an essential weapon for victory. But in Mr. Stettinius's view it provided something even more important—the pattern by which victory was to be achieved, the pattern of the United Nations. It implemented coalition warfare, integrated the resources of the Allies. Mr. Stettinius went to England in the summer of 1942 and saw how our war efforts had intermingled. He saw Lancasters made in part out of lend-lease aluminum, Spitfires flown by American crews, and Flying Fortresses based on landing fields built out of reverse lend-lease funds. Sometimes the R. A. F. and the U. S. A. A. F. occupied air bases jointly. The conclusion that Mr. Stettinius reached was this: "It is all the same war. Who can say which of us has given most of what we had to give? We cannot measure their lives against our dollars, or their pounds or rubles against our lives. We cannot balance the cost of a ruined city against the cost of a thousand tanks, or the courage of the underground in Europe against the courage of American boys in New Guinea and the courage of their mothers at home. It would be impossible, indeed a sacrilege, to attempt to balance such a ledger."

This is the nub of the lesson which an American business

This book tells you the *truth* about YUGOSLAVIA

MY NATIVE LAND

By Louis Adamic

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man has learned from two and a half years at the helm of lend-lease operations. It is a lesson which still needs to be learned among his countrymen—a lesson which the President has shied away from teaching. ALAN BARTH

Polls Versus Elections

ASSIGNMENT: U. S. A. By Selden Menefee. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

IF YOU have been out of the country since Pearl Harbor you will be brought completely up to date by Selden Menefee's "liberal's-eye" view of America at war. He covered 15,000 miles for Princeton's Office of Public Opinion Research. Most of his specific observations, but not all, would cause little disagreement among liberals. Exceptions would include his blanket indorsement of the incentive-pay plan for industry, which was overwhelmingly opposed by the recent United Automobile Workers' convention, and his opinion that after the hoped-for repeal of the poll tax the hundreds of thousands of new voters "will vote against those Congressmen who have opposed all liberal reforms." Most students of the South are much less sure that this will be the result, at least until after a long period of education.

Menefee's direct personal observations are buttressed by a summary of the findings of the professional opinion testers. Their joint conclusion is not only encouraging but often so optimistic as to seem somewhat naive to those concerned with concrete political problems. The American people, according to Menefee and the opinion testers, are ready for any sacrifice necessary to win the war. Furthermore, while they may be misinformed on some issues and at times inconsistent in their opinions, "they are basically in agreement on all major democratic aims of the war and for the peace to come. This is in a very real sense a people's war, and our citizens are determined that it shall be followed by a people's peace, both at home and abroad."

If this conclusion is fully justified, the American people are, indeed, the least articulate people in the world and have the least control over their elected representatives. The emasculation of price control and other war agencies, the assassination of the National Resources Planning Board, the almost complete burial of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill for social security, the reelection of most of the Congressional obstructionists and the defeat of many liberal representatives, these and countless other recent events can hardly be passed over as minor errors in the expression of popular opinion. The polls Menefee cites prove only that most of our citizens are well-intentioned but generally unaware of the problems facing the country and consequently inconsistent in their own convictions. Overwhelmingly agreed on the necessity of America's participation in world affairs and on the need for real sacrifices to insure the peace, our people nevertheless expect payment for lend-lease materials, are unwilling to give up our military establishment even if other nations do likewise, will insist on reparations payments and on the continuation of tariff barriers. While few Americans want us to annex territory after victory, "six-sevenths of us think we should have more military bases outside the country than we had before the war." Although the polls show

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a deep concern regarding post-war unemployment, four-fifths of all those now employed are convinced that they will retain their present jobs, and of the remaining fifth only one in twenty expects trouble in finding another job. Seventy per cent of those who have heard of the NRPB proposals favor them, but only a third of the people want "changes" after the war and 58 per cent favor the status quo.

All of which adds up to the fact that anything can be proved—and usually is—by public-opinion polls. The widest discrepancies often exist between the results of opinion polls and elections, as Dr. Gallup found out in 1942. An extreme example is cited by Menefee: While most farmers felt in early 1943 that the Administration had given labor more of the breaks, 45 per cent of the farmers preferred a Congress dominated by labor to one controlled by big business and only 25 per cent were of the opposite opinion. Compare this with the election results of 1942 and 1943! It becomes abundantly clear that Dr. Gallup and his colleagues could get us a more liberal government than the traditional elections have brought forth. The difference is apathy. Dr. Gallup is a simplified voting machine that comes around to your front door. But widespread apathy is a danger sign in a democracy.

No one could question Mr. Menefee's findings that the American people are behind this war, as proved by their enthusiastic enlistments, their purchases of war bonds, and their participation in civilian defense activities. Undoubtedly former America Firsters, with some exceptions in the lunatic fringe, have participated as wholeheartedly as former Fighters for Freedom. But this is to be expected in any country where national pride is intact. To conclude from this patriotic enthusiasm that the American people share Mr. Menefee's liberal interpretation of the meaning of the war and will follow through on the implications of that interpretation seems unwarranted. The tendency to over-optimism detracts only slightly from an otherwise competent job of reporting and analysis.

JAMES LOEB, JR.

Fiction in Review

EVEN at the risk of personal confession, I want to mention, for the light it may throw on an aspect of the contemporary literary scene which has not been spoken of very frankly, the reason for my three months' delay in reviewing Christine Weston's "Indigo" (Scribner's, $2.50). Mrs. Weston's novel is outstandingly good, by all odds the most satisfactory novel I have read in the last year and a half of reviewing. It starts poorly, however, and after the first twenty or thirty pages, which I read shortly after publication, I set it aside in favor of a score of books which have since proved to be of infinitely less merit. But my indifference was not only a response to the novel's own lack of initial interest. If "Indigo" had been one of those books which has to make its way without encouragement from either publisher or critics, I'm sure I would have read it through at once, despite its poor start, in the hope of uncovering neglected talent. But "Indigo" came to me as a Literary Guild selection, slated for a large audience, and already praised by the popular reviewers in the usual amorphous, inconsequential terms; and I allowed its apparent popular appeal to confirm me in the

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impression—later to be shown so mistaken—that it was only another of the bad books which sell well.

If this were merely a private snobbery it would scarcely be worth speaking of. But I know it reflects the common attitude among people who take literature seriously. Obviously, this section of literary opinion is not wholly, or even primarily, responsible for its aloofness from the popular: it has grown so accustomed to having books which are praised in superlatives and bought in the hundred thousands turn out to be valueless that it reacts violently from popular judgment; and after all, when the popular reviewers do hit a really good book, like "Indigo," their praise makes no distinction between it and the last book they admired. But there is implicit in our caste feelings—and this is the dangerous snobbery—the assumption that no book which is popular can possibly be either good or interesting; we see this point of view exemplified, for instance, in the ungrounded and unthoughtful way in which the reviewer for the *New Republic* dismissed Marquand's last novel, or in the restricted choice of books for even unfavorable comment in the serious literary quarterlies. We seem to forget that, in their day, half the very great novels were also great popular successes, and even more important, we foster, by dissociating the serious from the popular, a tragic parochialism in our serious writers.

Like all good novels, Mrs. Weston's book is addressed to many different levels of audience, welcoming the reader's own supplement of awareness and creativity. It is full of the color of its setting, India; it is extremely well written in a relaxed, informed, commentative prose, and it is thick with modulations and insights. It has a constantly absorbing plot; it even has violence and melodrama, though its most dramatic moment is beautifully still, a matter of the quiet reading of a letter. Best of all, it has the most attractive characters I have come across in a contemporary novel.

The three main characters, whom we meet in their early boyhood and follow into maturity—the novel ends after the start of the last war—are Jacques, the son of a bigoted Frenchwoman; Hardyal, the son of an assimilated Indian lawyer; and Macbeth, son of an English army officer. In youth the three boys love each other very much. But Mrs. Weston knows that without the right political conditions for love, love can be destroyed, and her history of the three friends works out to be the tragic record of three political victims. Not that "Indigo," because it deals with the Indian problem, is a schematic study in racial and political conflicts; with the true novelist's instinct for knowing how to deal with social questions, Mrs. Weston doesn't raise issues; she sets them vibrating out of human situations, and she is far too subtle to resolve people into symbols for political groups. But just as surely as Mrs. Weston knows that youth has its peculiar generosity and that only in such rare cases as that of Mrs. Lyttleton, Jacques's eccentric old friend, or of Jacques himself, whose loyalty to Hardyal is as luminous and ineffectual as everything else in his character, is it preserved into maturity, she knows that her characters are the victims of the special Indian fate. "Indigo" is as informative about India as E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India"—a novel it may not equal in emotional force but one with which it can well stand comparison; and like Forster's novel, it is in the business of asking questions, not answering them. There is this important difference between them, however, and it is perhaps the best clue I can give, in such brief space, to the particular charm of Mrs. Weston's book: if "A Passage to India" asks whether for lack of love an empire will be lost, "Indigo" asks whether because of empire all these wonderful possibilities of love will be lost.

Mrs. Weston resembles Forster in the quality of her novelistic intelligence. Like him, she has what looks so mild and is really so courageous—the ability to modulate character, even to allow character to peter out of existence: thus, Gisèle, Jacques's sister, disappears from the story leaving behind her only a trailing scent of iniquity, and Mrs. Lyttleton, the less grand but more endearing counterpart of Forster's Mrs. Moore, loses her grip on the book long before she actually dies. But "Indigo" is full of beautifully conceived details to isolate for comment. It affirms what so much present-day fiction seems to conspire to deny—the wonderful pleasure of reading a good novel.

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MUSIC

THE Short Symphony by Aaron Copland that Stokowski played at an N. B. C. Symphony broadcast proved to be one of the ugly works that Copland was turning out a number of years ago. His latest piece, the Sonata for violin and piano that he played with Ruth Posselt at a Boosey and Hawkes concert, began *Andante semplice* with melodic fragments and chord progressions reminiscent of "Billy the Kid" and "Rodeo" which led one to think for a moment that these works had established an idiom for all his writing. But once the Sonata got going *Allegro* there was a change to thematic substance that was astringent and arid and rhythmically spastic, and that was kept going with Copland's tremendous professional competence and efficiency and assurance.

On the afternoon that Stokowski played the Short Symphony the Budapest Quartet played a new quartet by Hindemith at the Frick Collection. This work—in sound, in what the sound conveyed—was a horror; and as I listened I kept thinking it was bad enough that anyone had to write something like that himself, but appalling that such a person was teaching young Americans with talent for composition and influencing them to write in the same way.

This may be the point at which to speak of the extremely bad transmission of the Frick Collection concerts in WNYC's broadcasts, evidently because of poor equipment. In addition it has been interesting to observe the carrying over of some of the presentation practices of American commercial broadcasting into the broadcasts of this completely non-commercial station. This is the first year, for example, that WNYC has broadcast the Frick concerts in their entirety; previously it cut them off at 4:00, as though it were WJZ cutting off the New Friends of Music concert at 6:30 because the time was sold. Moreover WNYC can no more trust its audience to listen to music without endless and useless talk than N. B. C. or C. B. S. or WQXR; and just as N. B. C.'s announcer must tell us a last time that "Arturo Toscanini now conducts the N. B. C. Symphony Orchestra in Beethoven's Symphony No. 1" even if he has to talk it right into the performance, so WNYC's announcer talked his chatter right into performances by Schnabel and Landowska.

To go on with music and performances: I got a great deal of pleasure from a rehearing of Beethoven's wonderful last Sonata for violin and piano, Opus 96, and from a rehearing of the playing—that is, the technical competence and fine musicianship—of Orrea Pernel, who performed the work with Bruce Simonds. And I got more of the same kind of pleasure from the great Chaconne of Bach's D minor Partita as it was played by young Isaac Stern—with simplicity and yet with warmth, with temperament and yet with a sense for plastic contour and coherence that produced a beautifully integrated and superbly effective statement of the piece.

I also spent an hour at one of Eddie Condon's Saturday afternoon jazz concerts in Town Hall, where the participants included good players like Miff Mole and Billy Butterfield and some who were less good and "Pee Wee" Russell who I think is terrible, and where some of the performances were exciting and others merely pounded along.

Don't miss Winthrop Sargeant's article on Toscanini in the January 17 issue of *Life*. And if you want an authoritative account of the life of Tchaikovsky you will find it in Herbert Weinstock's biography (Knopf, $5). What you will find in Richard Anthony Leonard's "The Stream of Music" (Doubleday, Doran, $4.50) you may have had to listen to in Toscanini's broadcasts but you can refuse to read.

B. H. HAGGIN

FILMS

SINCE nothing is more repugnant to me than the pseudo-religious, I went to "The Song of Bernadette" gritting my teeth against my advance loathing. But since, also, many of the deepest resonances of my childhood are Catholic; and since I intensely suspect and fear the implacable pieties of those who deny the rationally inexplicable even when they are being beaten over the head with it; and since, accordingly, I feel a triumphant pride in the work or mere existence of true artists and of the truly experienced in religion, I was unexpectedly and greatly moved by a great many things in the film. I owe this somewhat indecently subjective preface because I doubt that the film can be strongly recommended to anyone whose mind and emotions lack some similar shape. I can add only that the picture is unusually well made—within limits.

The limits are those of middle-class twentieth-century genteelism, a fungus which by now all but chokes the life out of any hope from Hollywood and which threatens any vivid appetite in Hollywood's audience. In proportion to the excellence any given film achieves within these limits—which can be considerable—I suppose it is the more pernicious. If that is so, "Bernadette" is a champion enemy. For within those genteel limits I have seldom seen so tender and exact an attention to mood, to over-all tone, to cutting, to the edging of an emotion, and to giving vitality, sometimes radiance, in terms of the image and the sound more than of the character, the story, the line, the music. Jennifer Jones especially, as Bernadette, whether through Henry King's direction or her own ability, impossibly combines the waxen circumspections of a convent school with abrupt salients of emotion of which Dostoevski himself need not have been ashamed.

But Bernadette Soubirous and the cruel, ridiculous, and unfathomable concentrics which spread from her naive ecstasy composed one of the most appalling and instructive events of our time; to the reproduction of which only an almost unimaginably brilliant film could have been adequate. What you have here, instead, is a tamed and pretty image, highly varnished, sensitively lighted, and exhibited behind immaculate glass, the window at once of a shrine and of a box-office.

JAMES AGEE

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS WITOLD is the pseudonym of an influential European whose advice on political and technical questions was highly regarded in Geneva in the years after the last war.

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The Plot Against Yugoslavia

[*Continued from page* 122]

Kosanovich was far from being a lone voice. Within a month from the day the *Srbobran* launched its campaign, Ivan Subasich, the Governor of Croatia, who was then on a visit to the United States, was shocked by the attitude of the paper and its adherents. Protesting against the appointment of Fotich as ambassador against the majority opinion of the Cabinet, he cabled Premier Simovich on December 10, 1941, as follows:

It is evident that the legation has identified itself with the writings of *Srbobran*. The government has taken no steps against the legation, and this fact is interpreted by Yugoslavs in America to mean that the government approves. Our representatives in the United States have carried matters so far that Consul V. Mirkovich openly stated at a meeting in Chicago that from now on he is a consul of Serbia only, and no longer of Yugoslavia.

And again on February 19, 1942, he cabled to Slobodan Jovanovich, who had succeeded General Simovich as Premier:

Everybody here who has a feeling for Yugoslavia considers *Srbobran's* activity a weapon for destroying the last ties of Yugoslavia and for establishing only a Great Serbia, with Serb hegemony over the Balkans. This activity is led by Minister Jovan Douchich and the Episcopate of the Serbian Orthodox Church in the United States. And it is openly approved by the Royal Yugoslav embassy in Washington.

Fotich took no chance of failure when he selected the *Srbobran* for his purposes. So great is that paper's devotion to Serbs of all kinds that as recently as May 18, 1943, it still refused to condemn the Quisling regime of General Nedich: "It has not yet been proved whether Nedich is a traitor or a 'practical man' . . . we do not defend Nedich since we do not know what his role is in occupied Serbia." In any event, the *Srbobran* was not slow in taking up the Fotich view, and from November 16, 1941, to the present it has been unremitting in its vituperation against all things Croatian and against the whole idea of a restored Yugoslavia. The following quotations are offered to give the reader a faint idea of the intensity with which the spokesman of the Greater Serbians in America addressed itself to the task of undermining my country and, whether he acknowledges it or not, the country of Ambassador Fotich:

. . . only people of political ignorance or bad faith can dream of the possibility that Serbs and Croats can meet again to conclude a new agreement. (*November 14, 1941.*)

. . . the unbridgeable events in our country have forever designated the Serbs as Chetniks and the Croats as Ustachi. (*November 28, 1941.*)

Yugoslavia is an abortive child of megalomaniacs. (*April 7, 1941.*)

. . . since it is impossible to establish "brotherhood" between the Serbs and the Croats after all that has happened . . . no one has the right to request the restoration of the former Yugoslavia. That such a Yugoslavia will never again be restored, a guaranty is being given to those in Zagreb by the Chetniks who are fighting with Draja Mihailovich. (*July 9, 1942.*)

. . . the establishment of Yugoslavia proved to be a tragic failure. Because of that fatal error the Serbs have so far lost many hundreds of thousands of lives at the hands of their enemies within the common state. (*March 24, 1943.*)

. . . in all crimes against the Serbs the Catholic church has actively participated. (*November 4, 1941.*)

We know that the absolute majority of our national and religious enemies, the Croats, . . . have a common irrepressible hatred for Serbianism, Orthodoxy, and the Serbs in general. . . . The Croats did not massacre the Serbs because of their own or Serbian nationality, since the Croats have no nationality. They killed the Serbs and are still doing so for one reason only—because of their own religious intolerance. (*March 22, 1943.*)

It was this journal that enjoyed the favor of the Yugoslav embassy in Washington to the extent that when King Peter visited the United States, Fotich arranged to have him photographed with a copy of the *Srbobran*. Posed with the King were all the leading officials of the Serb National Federation, distinguished for their untiring efforts to destroy the unity of Yugoslavia. It is worth noting in connection with the embassy's relations with the *Srbobran* that a number of articles of an inflammatory character which had originally appeared anonymously were reprinted after the death of Jovan Douchich, former minister to Franco Spain. On their second appearance these bitterly anti-Croat pieces carried the signature of Douchich, who at the time he wrote them was on the pay roll of the Yugoslav government.

Similarly, the embassy extended its blessing to the Serbian National Defense Council, the personnel of which is closely linked to the *Srbobran*. Colonel Dragutin Savich, chief of the Royal Yugoslav military mission in Canada, and Consul Voislav Mirkovich were both present at the council's congress in Chicago, at which the following declaration was adopted:

The state of Yugoslavia was a Versailles experiment built on the well-meant but erroneous belief that similarity of blood can itself create unity. . . . Yugoslavia must not and never will be reestablished, since it could be of advantage only to the Croats. . . . We respectfully but urgently call upon His Majesty King Peter II . . . to take his stand at the side of the loyal Serbs, to dismiss his Croat advisers, and to announce himself what his famous and democratic grandfather Peter I was proud to be—King of Serbia.

It was no wonder that Elmer Davis, director of the Office of War Information, feared the extent to which such propaganda might undermine morale by precipitating trouble among Yugoslav workers in war plants. In a special release dated June 1, 1943, Mr. Davis said:

For some time several branches of the United States government, including the OWI, the Department of Justice, and the Department of State, have watched with concern the policies of the *American Srbobran*. Its violent attacks upon all people of Croatian extraction and their clergy, its strong anti-Catholic articles, and its veiled efforts to defend the Quisling Nedich . . . have the effect of aiding the Nazi campaign of race intolerance and hate, and are damaging the American war effort.

MIHAILOVICH

When word first reached us, in the fall of 1941, that a resistance movement had crystallized about the person of Draja Mihailovich, there was general rejoicing at the legation, though none of us knew exactly who the hero was, and even our military attaché wasn't sure of his correct name. It was enough for us to know that Yugoslavs were still in the field against the enemy, and from left to right the Yugoslav Americans hailed Mihailovich as the symbol of resurrection. Fotich and some of his pan-Serb aides were a little doubtful when it developed that Mihailovich was a clever young colonel who had never displayed much fondness for the generals, but they soon discovered that he meant to operate in the framework of the old Serb Chetnik tradition and they lost their uneasiness. And so, favored on all sides, Mihailovich in that winter of 1941-42 grew to legendary stature and came to rank in glamour with MacArthur and Timoshenko.

The pan-Serbian clique sitting in London were not long in recognizing Mihailovich as their natural savior. In January, 1942, the government in exile underwent its first major crisis. The extremists had long hoped to unseat Simovich as Prime Minister. Public

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opinion at home held him and his colleagues chiefly responsible for the capitulation. The Serbian military clique sadly needed rehabilitation. What could be better than to unseat Simovich and focus attention on the young Serb officer who provided exactly the aura of heroism required to refurbish the tarnished tradition of fighting Serbia—and who incidentally was too far off to create political complications in the government. Simovich was ousted in favor of Slobodan Jovanovich, a mildly liberal historian, and Mihailovich was made Minister of War. This was the peak of the hero's career and the beginning of his downfall.

From the day he accepted Cabinet rank Mihailovich became more and more the exclusive representative of the Serbian tradition, committed, like the colleagues who had promoted him, to a Greater Serbia rather than a restored Yugoslavia. In January, 1943, *Nova Hrvatska,* organ of the Croat puppet regime, printed a map purporting to have been captured from a Mihailovich detachment and showing a post-war Greater Serbia, with Croatia reduced to the proportions of a county. A map showing remarkably similar boundaries appeared six months later in the *Srbobran* as the avowed objective of the Greater Serbs. In all their speeches and propaganda the pan-Serb clique, particularly Nincich, Milan Gavrilovich, and Fotich, harped on *Serbian* resistance, the *Serbian* people, the *Serbian* Minister of War, and the wonderful fight he was putting up in the Serbian mountains.

All political, military, and administrative power in the liberated areas filtered down from London by way of Mihailovich, and the process was dangerous. In a country composed of three peoples this concentration of power in the hands of one man—a separatist at that—was bound to have the gravest consequences. Since the times were far from normal and the country dismembered, with communications woefully lacking, the attempt to impose one-man rule from abroad promised only civil war—and the promise was soon fulfilled.

THE INFORMATION CENTER

In the fall of 1941 a Royal Government mission arrived in the United States for the purpose of keeping this country informed of developments in stricken Yugoslavia. It was felt, correctly, that distorted news from a Pavelich-ridden Croatia and Nedich-ridden Serbia might cause dangerous repercussions in the large Yugoslav population here, to say nothing of confusion in American official circles. After some months of preliminary work, the mission established in New York a Royal Yugoslav Information Center, and I was transferred from Washington to take charge of the press service.

The atmosphere in the center was completely different from that of the embassy, as the legation had now become. The men who composed the mission were, to begin with, openly and sincerely pro-Yugoslavia. They wanted the country restored, they were free of the chauvinist sectional passions that prevailed at the embassy, and their watchword was unity. The problems that beset the government in London were thrashed out in a genuine effort to achieve solutions beneficial to the country as a whole, and in a completely democratic spirit. By and large the Croats were represented on the mission by Dr. I. Subasich, the Serbs by Sava Kosanovich, and the Slovenes by Franc Snoj.

From the very launching of the project, the center was regarded by the embassy and the *Srbobran* with scorn and hostility, Kosanovich, Subasich, Boris Furlan, Nicola Mirkovich, and myself being special targets for their abuse. The *Srbobran* attacked us all as anti-Serbian, Ustachi-fascist, or Communist, depending on the prevailing mood of its editors. It occasionally converted the contraction "Yugocenter," by which we were commonly known, to "Judocenter," revealing more of its own nature than of ours. The embassy crowd sneered at us as "gentlemen traveling through the United States, doing nothing but spending government money."

General Mihailovich

Fotich did everything possible to paralyze our efforts at promoting unity, watching us like a hawk and reporting in detail to London.

For four months we enjoyed harmony at least among ourselves at the center, although one member of the mission, Bogoljub Jevtich, lost little time in jockeying himself into a dictatorial position. Formerly Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs, Jevtich differed from Fotich in that he wanted a reconstituted Yugoslavia, but he favored a high degree of centralized and dictatorial rule and actively opposed the democratic inclinations of the rest of us. He once told us that "if General Mihailovich did not exist, it would have been necessary to invent him." His attitude, however, did not prevent us from doing as useful a job as the Washington diplomats allowed, and we would have continued to work with effectiveness had not a development occurred which was to affect Yugoslavs even more profoundly, and more significantly, than the Serb-Croat division.

CHETNIK-AXIS WAR ON THE PARTISANS

Until midsummer of 1942 if there was one point of agreement among all Yugoslavs in exile it was support for Mihailovich. Not having been in my native land since the war broke out, I cannot pretend to first-hand knowledge of Mihailovich's conduct, and it is not my purpose here to repeat the extremely able accounts and analyses of the struggle between Chetniks and Partisans which have appeared elsewhere. The story has been particularly well told by Louis Adamic in his "My Native Land" and more recently by C. L. Sulzberger in the New York *Times* of December 22, 1943. My function is merely to show in general how that struggle was reflected in Yugoslav government circles and in particular how it prevented the government in exile from frustrating the will of its own people.

My first intimation that all was not well came with the visit of Foreign Minister Nincich in June, 1942. Taking me aside, he advised me, much to my astonishment, that I was to do all I could to defend Mihailovich among liberal and leftist groups and papers in this country. I told him there was no need for such insistence inasmuch as Mihailovich already enjoyed great prestige in all circles here and had an excellent press. He emphasized the point repeatedly, however, and all but exacted a pledge from me.

A month later the meaning of this

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strange talk became perfectly clear. Word reached us, by way of the Inter-Continent News, that a manifesto had been issued in Montenegro by seventy-five representatives of the various democratic Yugoslav parties denouncing Mihailovich for collaborating with the enemy. From that time on, evidence accumulated showing the lengths to which Mihailovich allowed himself to go in his frantic attempt to suppress anti-Axis forces more representative of the Yugoslav people than his own tradition-bound Chetniks. From reports smuggled out of the country and confirmed several times over we learned bit by bit that Mihailovich had shifted his attention from fighting the invader to conducting a terrific internal war against those independent guerrilla groups which had gradually merged their forces under the leadership of the mysterious "General Tito." I will mention here only a few evidences of this fateful shift.

In March, 1943, the People's Army of Liberation, as Tito's Partisans officially called themselves, captured a field post in which several documents were left behind by the retreating Chetniks. One of them was an agreement, concluded the preceding September, between one of Mihailovich's officers, Dobroslav Jevdjevich, and the Italian general Mario Roatta, who was responsible for the Fascist campaign of atrocities in the Balkans. The agreement constituted a pledge by the Italian command to supply Mihailovich's Chetniks with arms, provisions, and money to cover army wages, "which will be increased and equaled to the salary of the Italian soldiers." Belated confirmation of this report came in the form of a United Press dispatch on November 12, 1943, in which a Budapest correspondent of the Swiss *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* was quoted as saying that an agreement for "maintenance of order" had been reached on September 29, 1942, by General Mihailovich's commander in eastern Bosnia and the Italian commander in Yugoslavia. The Italians, it appeared, realized they would have to fight the Partisans and were delighted to have the Chetniks on their side to whatever extent was possible. When news of the understanding leaked out, the correspondent reported, many of Mihailovich's followers left the Chetnik ranks and joined Tito.

Another high Chetnik officer, Major Dangich, went even farther. Presumably with the knowledge of his superiors, he went to Belgrade and entered into discussions with General Nedich, the puppet Premier, concerning autonomy for Bosnia. Dangich had previously been cited for promotion by Mihailovich, and the government in exile was bestowing a colonelcy on him at the moment that the Nazi-controlled press of Belgrade was hailing him as the "heroic commander of the national brigades in the struggle against the Partisans." When news of his deal with Nedich became generally known in London, however, the indignation of some members of the Cabinet was so great that Dangich had to be dismissed.

No such action was taken in connection with Jevdjevich. In January, 1943, that Chetnik officer issued the following proclamation:

> We declare once and forever that the Italian general is the only responsible official for Mostar [a town in Herzegovina] and for the neighboring villages, and that only his orders are valid. We have a definite agreement with the Italian Empire and there is no possibility of disloyalty. The soldiers will continue to fulfil their obligations and the citizens will be obedient and peace-loving.

In another statement, issued a month later, Jevdjevich revealed his fundamental purpose. Referring to a local defeat of the Partisans by his own men and the Italians, he proclaimed: "The criminal and communistic band has been exterminated."

At a Chetnik rally in the town of Trebinye in July, 1942, a newspaperman named Shantic told his audience:

> Our collaboration with the Italians has been approved by Draja [Mihailovich]. . . . They helped us consolidate our forces and defeat the Partisans. . . . The Italians also give us weapons and ammunition, to say nothing of 5,000 loaves of bread a day. . . . Draja has said, "Accept arms from anybody who offers them."

By the fall of 1942 the government in exile was making no effort to conceal the new use to which the Chetniks were being put by Draja Mihailovich. In a confidential report dated October 20 the Military Cabinet stated:

> The Chetniks, like the whole people, are decidedly against the Partisans ever since the Partisans started claiming that they were fighting for a Yugoslav Republic which would be under the protectorate of Soviet Russia.

The underground paper *Dalmatinski Partisan* in September, 1942, reprinted, as an exposé, a recruiting appeal by Italian Fascist authorities in Dalmatia for an "anti-Communist" army of volunteers to fight the Partisans. Each recruit was called on, according to the paper, to take an oath that "if need be he will sacrifice his life to the destruction of communism, fighting it with arms in hand and under the command of the Italian government, in order to give to Italian Dalmatia peace and progress under Fascist law and order." The appeal was signed by a Serbian Orthodox priest, Momcilo Djuich, a Chetnik who carried decorations conferred on him by the government in exile. At the same time the government decreed that all officers who had joined the National Army of Liberation were to be regarded as deserters.

THE LIGHT DAWNS

In the year and a half after the Partisan-Chetnik breach first came into the open, we received many such evidences of Mihailovich's collaboration with the enemy, but I will content myself here with two additional documents, both of which impressed me greatly because of the standing of their authors. The first was a letter addressed to Dr. Boris Furlan, a Slovenian liberal leader now in exile, by Josip Vidmar, chairman of the Slovenian Liberation Front. Explaining that with the collapse of Italy the Front took power "with the consent of all political groups except the traitors," Vidmar wrote of the clash between the Chetniks and the popular forces, which resulted in the capture by the Partisans of 500 men and a staff of 30 officers. "One of them," he continued, "Marija Sternisha by name, admitted that their work had been detrimental to Slovenia and Yugoslavia and had helped only the enemy. Before being shot he appealed to the youth to support the Liberation Front. Those of Mihailovich's men who escaped . . . went over to the Germans."

The other document, also a letter, was written by a Catholic priest whom I know well and for whose integrity I can vouch. This is what he wrote:

> They [the Yugoslav government] call on the people to join Mihailovich. Where is he? All we know is that in Abbazia there are many Chetniks under the protection of the Italians, and many more in Split and Dubrovnik. In Lika and Gorski-Kotar the Italians and Chetniks collaborate against the Partisans, among whom less than 15 per cent are Communists. The Croatian Partisans, for the most part, are peasants who escaped to the woods to save their heads. . . . Some of the Chetniks in Bosnia collaborate with the Germans . . . in Bosnia the Chetniks, with the help of the Germans, have killed Partisans, Serbs, Croats, and Moslems.

Bit by bit, these reports and letters, coupled with the ominous failure of the Chetniks to come to grips with the invader on the battlefield, opened the

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eyes of many of us at the center concerning the true state of affairs. As we pooled our information we began to get a picture something like this: The superficial difference between Mihailovich and the Partisans is a difference in strategy. He prefers to withhold his strength for the Allied landing rather than dissipate it in large-scale guerrilla warfare, whereas the Partisans, perhaps with one eye on Russia, want to pin down as many German divisions as possible through major operations, extensive sabotage, and general turmoil. But this difference is secondary and relatively unimportant. The real split is ideological.

The slogan of the Partisans is "Death to fascism, liberty to the people!" Their leaders have given them a democratic goal in a country which has never really enjoyed democracy. And, equally important, they look forward to a Yugoslav nation in which the ancient feud between Serb and Croat, Roman Catholic and Orthodox Serb, will be liquidated once and for all in a federation of culturally autonomous states administered jointly by a popular government based on equality and mutual respect.

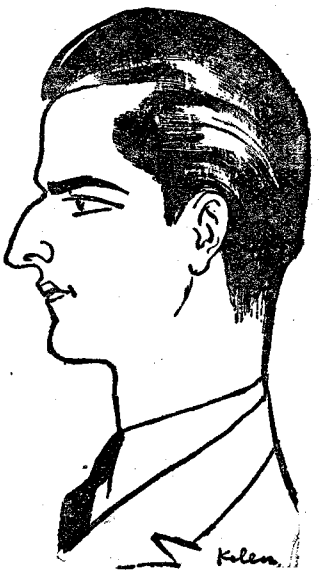
Mihailovich, by way of contrast, symbolizes the power of Serbia alone, and represents within Serbia the small clique of wealthy families who for generations have governed in their own narrow interest. The struggle between Chetnik and Partisan is, in short, a civil war involving separatism versus federation and oligarchy versus democracy.

DIVISION AT THE CENTER

Like Yugoslavs everywhere we members of the Information Center soon found ourselves divided on the question of the Partisans. Generally speaking, officials like Subasich and Kosanovich, and staff workers like Furlan, Mirkovich, and myself sympathized with Tito, while Jevtich and Snoj headed the group which continued to side with Mihailovich. (Snoj's son, incidentally, is working with the Partisans in Yugoslavia, and so is the daughter of Foreign Minister Nincich.)

It was clear from the start that the position of those of us who favored the Partisans would soon be untenable. As early as August 21, 1942, the embassy issued a statement that "both King Peter II and the Yugoslav government in London have the most implicit confidence in the loyalty and patriotism of General Mihailovich, leader of the Chetniks, who recently has been the subject of attack by Communist elements in the homeland." This was the signal for a campaign of deception and abuse which more than matched the earlier propaganda onslaught on the Croats.

In September three majors of the Yugoslav Military Cabinet, dubbed the



King Peter II

"Three Musketeers," embarked on a series of broadcasts from London in which they pretended to believe that Tito and his Partisans were confederates of the Germans, planted in strategic spots in order to make trouble for the Chetniks. The following excerpts are typical:

> The Serbian people, who are loyal to the Allies, and especially friendly toward Russia, have rushed to fight with these new so-called Partisan detachments, which are in reality nothing but Gestapo camouflaged detachments. The Serbian people are convinced that the fight must be made against our only real enemy, the German invader. But these Gestapo men, sent from the communistic centers of Vienna and Budapest, have no intention of fighting against the Germans or of helping the Allies and Russia. They want only to do in Serbia what has already been done in Pavelich's gangster state, that is, to exterminate all Serbs, to kill peaceful inhabitants, industrious landowners, and honest nationalists. They are trying to provoke hate between Serbs and Russians and make them quarrel. But the Serbs have quickly grasped this devilish German design. They have risen against these men sent to Serbia by the Gestapo, disguised by Communist leadership.

This fantastically awkward bit of deception was soon discounted by the open sympathy displayed by the Soviet Union for the Partisan cause. But the pan-Serbs then found other approaches. Instead of pretending that the Partisans were Gestapo men in disguise, they decided to forget their own sudden "friendship" for Russia and attack the Partisans as a straight Communist movement. In this design they were aided by the revelation of Tito's identity as Josip Broz, a Croatian who had aided the Loyalists in the Spanish war and who is unquestionably a Communist. The *Srbobran* treated itself to a field day:

> The people themselves then arose against the Communist Partisans and for all the evil, all the bloody injustices, and all the cruelty inflicted upon them, proclaimed the Partisans for always their first and worst enemies. . . . The leader of the Partisans is convict Josip Broz (Tito), listed in the Zagreb police record under number 10434. . . . Today they are increasing their forces by accepting into their ranks the worst Ustachi criminals and murderers. (*October 10, 1943.*)

"Criminal band" was the mildest phrase applied to the Partisans by the Royal government in the fall of 1943, and by *Srbobran,* though it is worth noting that another Serbian American paper, *Slobodna Rech,* has worked consistently for Yugoslav unity and is now supporting Tito. But all the time the Partisans grew in strength, and the British and American military authorities, recognizing their power and their future, sent officers to work with them and increasingly gave them aid and supplies. The editors of the *Srbobran* grew frantic and hysterical, threatening the British with "loss of the prestige and esteem they have enjoyed in the Balkans." But facts are stubborn, particularly military facts, and the New York *Times* reported in December that Tito's forces were estimated at 250,000, whereas Mihailovich's army is thought to number something between 6,000 and 20,000.

In this country feeling among Yugoslav Americans mounted steadily. At a meeting in California Governor Subasich of Croatia was cheered for saying:

> My stand on the question of Yugoslav guerrillas is clear. All those who are fighting against Hitler have deserved well of their Fatherland and the Allies. I condemn without reservation all those who provoke internecine troubles within the ranks of Yugoslav guerrillas. . . . As Croatian governor, responsible to the people and the Crown, I warn from this platform certain of our diplomats and their chiefs in London. I demand a clear and unambiguous statement of policy on the part of the Yugoslav government. The time is short.

At American congresses of Slovenes and Croatians the delegates failed to send greetings either to the King or to his government in exile. And on more than one occasion Ambassador Fotich was booed by Yugoslav audiences. From the other side, the Information Center came in for more than its share of

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abuse. "The poison coming from the kitchen of the Judocenter," said the *Srbobran* delicately, "is serving dark and low interests, which means anti-Serb, anti-national, Croat, and treacherous interests."

The climax in the long struggle was reached at the end of 1943. On December 4 the Free Yugoslav radio station announced that Dr. Ivan Ribar, a prominent Croatian lawyer and leader of the liberal Democratic Party, had formed a Yugoslav provisional government. Broz, who had been made a marshal, became president and chairman of the Committee for National Defense. Aside from him, only one other Communist was given a post in the government, which was composed of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes; Roman Catholics, Moslems, Jews, and Orthodox Serbs, including a Serb priest who was given the post of Minister of the Interior.

The exile regime, now in Cairo, of course attacked the Provisional Government, but the Allies were decidedly friendly. On December 8 Richard K. Law told the House of Commons that the British were giving more aid to the Partisans than to Mihailovich for the simple reason that the Partisans were doing more of the fighting. And on the following day Secretary of State Hull told newspapermen that it was the policy of the United States to furnish supplies to any group which was effectively fighting the Germans.

EXIT: CENTER AND AUTHOR

With the deepening of the struggle between Mihailovich and the Partisans, my own position became more and more clearly defined, and my relations with the government more and more strained. In December, 1942, I had cabled to the Information Department at London:

> All well-informed circles believe Yugoslavia's situation must be cleared by an understanding between the United States, Great Britain, and Russia. . . . The split between Mihailovich and the Partisans is believed to be the result of our bad policy. For months our diplomats in this country exploited Mihailovich as the symbol of Greater Serbia, thus paralyzing the Yugoslav idea and offending the Croats and Slovenes. . . . The fact that our pan-Serbian diplomats continue to champion Mihailovich serves to compromise rather than help him. Our relations with Soviet Russia are considered by all our friends to be very poor just at the moment when people are looking to Russia with great hope. Never has Yugoslavia's cause been presented to the public so inadequately, with the result that our enemies, the Hapsburgs and others, have been greatly encouraged. All responsible people here look to the government for a complete and drastic change of policy in the near future.

The result of this open declaration was that every favorable reference to the Partisans in the American press was attributed to me or those of my associates who took the same position. Snoj began to work closely with Fotich and, joined by Jevtich, carried on an unceasing campaign against the Partisans. By May, 1943, the *Srbobran* was clamoring for the closing of the center. "Realistic members of the government" were called upon to do their duty and "immediately destroy the anti-Serbian Judocenter and the enemies within the government itself and put them in the Allied concentration camps where they belong."

I was fully convinced by this time that the real and vital Yugoslavia had little in common with the government in exile which, from the safety of Cairo, was daily attacking the best elements and bravest fighters in my country as "terroristic bands," "criminals," and "traitors." Communiqués of this character were released by the center under orders from Jevtich, but I refused to have any part in them. It was quite apparent that this situation could not continue long. Fotich had for some time been urging Prime Minister Jovanovich to close the center, but the deed was left to his successor, Dr. Bozidar Purich. On September 15, 1943, I was transferred by the embassy to the office of the consul general in New York, "without authority for cables or propaganda, which will be transferred to the embassy."

I cabled at once to the Prime Minister that this move would deprive the government of any possibility of receiving reliable information concerning Yugoslav affairs in this country. To the Association of Yugoslav Journalists in London I cabled the following message:

> Yugocenter will close October 1. I am transferred consulate general but denied function send cables and information to government. New propaganda service will be opened in embassy under control of diplomatic service which for three years has been carrying on open activity against democratic Yugoslavia, the National Liberation Movement, and the whole Croatian people. . . . Press service will be in hands of anti-democratic and anti-Yugoslav persons at the very moment when the first signs of liberation appear on the shores of the Adriatic. Long live the democratic peoples of Yugoslavia. Long live freedom of the press.

Unable to inform Americans officially concerning developments in my country, I prepared an article on Tito and the Partisans for *The Nation's* issue of October 2. Immediately after its publication I received an order transferring me to Buenos Aires, where a stringent fascist regime would render any further efforts on my part utterly useless. I declined the offer and through the consulate general addressed a request to the Cairo government to put me on the retired list. The request was refused; whereupon I addressed another letter to the Prime Minister, in which I said:

> My personal situation as an anti-fascist intellectual worker . . . prevents my going to Argentina. I am informed that it would be impossible for me to carry on any activity there and that my family would be endangered, as it was by Axis interests in Belgrade in 1940. . . . Your decision is political persecution as my transfer from the United States is the result of requests by the *American Srbobran* and the Serbian National Defense. The only Croat employee of Yugoslav convictions here, I am ordered transferred while all Serbian employees actively and openly anti-Yugoslav remain in their positions. Therefore I ask you to rescind undeserved punishment for my sincere work on behalf of Yugoslavia and enable me to continue the defense of Yugoslavia's vital post-war interests here.

My letter never reached Prime Minister Purich, for the reason that Ambassador Fotich refused to let it go through.

Thus concludes my connection with the Royal Yugoslav government, but not, I am certain, with Yugoslavia.

The old Yugoslavia disappeared on the battlefield, and a new one has arisen —a federation based on political, religious, and social equality. With this Yugoslavia the government in exile has nothing in common. That government serves only to stimulate, among the people it professes to serve, the fear that after the war it will attempt to restore the old order, with its Chetniks, gendarmes, and political tyrants, bent on avenging themselves on an entire population. If this government succeeds in returning, it will arrive, as one of its leaders told me, "with bread in one hand and tanks in the other."

Should that attempt be made, or should Mihailovich try to impose his will on the free government of the Partisans, the effort will fail after a useless and bloody civil war, because the Partisans have given the common people of Yugoslavia a vision which has already enabled them to work miracles. Against terrible odds and among the physical ruins of their country, they have rebuilt their scattered armies and astonished the world with their spirit of unity, self-discipline, and enormous courage. As one humble worker, I feel that my support belongs to them, because on their banners rest the hopes of my country.

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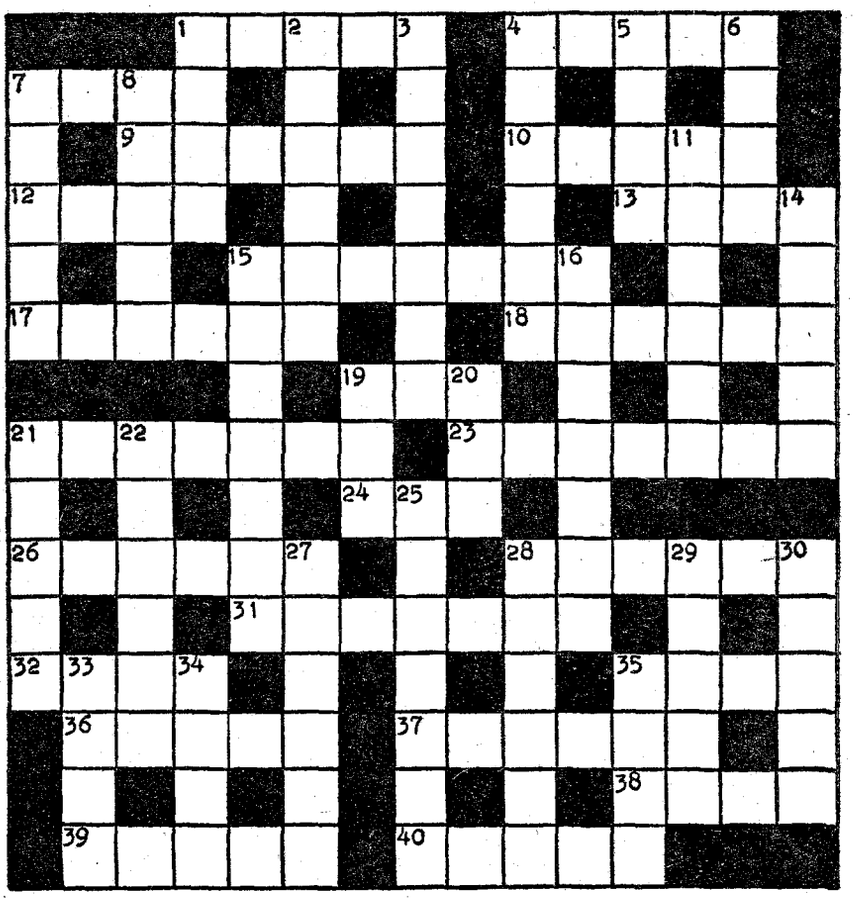
By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Flowers often trodden underfoot
4 I am among many to get a lift
7 Goes round the table and finishes with you, so to speak
9 "O, no, sir!" (anag.)
10 One may get a glare from such a personage
12 How Essex addressed his queen, perchance, before he lost his head
13 Horace turned out some pretty good ones
15 Old mice are musical
17 A reformed rascal makes a good sailor
18 This sea voyage sounds the same as those who undertake it
19 In Lausanne, but in the New World also
21 There's at least one costume in this place of abode
23 East Indies island
24 Are back in time
26 Raise aloft
28 Rebellious Wat's mate, perhaps
31 A sun spot
32 Never seen without a couple of flappers
35 Some nerve?
36 An old saw
37 One kind of relief
38 Superfluous advice to a miser
39 Land ships, as they were once called
40 It just happens

DOWN

1 Animals have the use of them first
2 You want the solution! This may solve the conundrum
3 They are in a class by themselves
4 Oh, Eric, how changed a noble epithet!
5 A Shakespeare villain
6 So the story goes
7 It's the girl to blame for a change
8 Outstanding human features
11 A chronic drug-taker, perhaps
14 Associated with beer in the Bible
15 Back Samuel! Its tail looks quarrelsome
16 Cruel M. P. (anag.)
19 American Indian
20 Name for a gum
21 Have you the time? We seem to have
22 Everybody's in bad, so why make a song about it?
25 Lean foreign queen about 150
27 Deserving persons
28 The right hammer to crack tough nuts
29 Diadem
30 Scope for good shots here
33 Change your seat
34 Material that grows again after it's cut
35 It is put before war in some cases

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 48

ACROSS:—1 WAGON; 4 HOLED; 7 OBSCURE; 10 GIRLS; 11 RIVET; 12 EPITOME; 13 ROOT; 16 TROD; 18 FOLIO; 20 MENHIR; 21 AMBLED; 22 NERVED; 24 STANCE; 25 SIDES; 26 FILM; 28 SITE; 31 LIMPETS; 33 TODAY; 34 TASTE; 35 AILETTE; 36 DREAM; 37 PLEAS.

DOWN:—1 WAGER; 2 GARBO; 3 NOSE; 4 HERE; 5 LOVER; 6 DATED; 8 SUITOR; 9 UTOPIA; 14 OSMANLI; 15 TANGRAM; 16 TALENTS; 17 ODDMENT; 18 FILES; 19 OMITS; 23 DISMAL; 24 SELECT; 26 FETED; 27 LODGE; 29 ISSUE; 30 EWERS; 31 LYAM; 32 STEP.

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